JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

DON'T LET THE SUN SHINE ON SHABBY FURNITURE

JAYS Sunshine SALE

200 WEEKS TO PAY

Three-Piece Suite upholstered in good quality Dermide with loose, sprung cushions. Made for comfort and hard wear. A wonderful bargain at the price!

SALE PRICE 10 GNS. OR 1/3 WEEKLY

JAYS SIX POINT PLAN

- LOWEST PRICES brought about by Huge Production for over 170 branches.
- 3-WAY PROTECTION against Death, Fire and Illness or
- LOVELY FREE GIFTS to customers of £10 or over.
- SUPER QUALITY. 16 Factories making our Exclusive Designs.
- EASIEST TERMS. 200 weeks to pay—No deposit.
- GOODS MARKED PLAINLY with prices and terms; guaranteed as represented and obtainable at every JAYS shop.

SPECIAL CARPET OFFER Any Carpet, irrespective of size or quality, delivered on our Celebrated Easy Terms for a first payment of 10/-

JAYS FURNISHING STORES

248, 249, 250, TOTTENHAM CT. RD., W.1

(Tele;hone: Museum 8255-8256.) (Oxford Street End.)

MANCHESTER ... 26-28-30, Oldham Street
GLASGOW ... 18-25, Sauchiehall Street
BIRMINGHAM ... 99-101, Bristol Street
CARDIFF ... 52-53, St. Mary Street
BRISTOL ... 77-78-79, Redcliff Street
LIVERPOOL ... 58-60-62, Church Street
SHEFFIELD ... The Moorhead
LEEDS ... 85, New Briggate
NEWCASTLE ... 56-57, Northumberland Street
PORTSMOUTH ... 219-223, Commercial Road
CHESTER ... 22, Bridge Street
KINGSTON-ON-THAMES ... 51-53, Clarence Street
LEICESTER ... The Clock Tower, 6, Haymarket
MAIDSTONE ... 2, The Broadway
NORWICH ... 31, St. Stephen's Street
PLYMOUTH ... 7-8-9, The Octagon, Union Street
STOKE-ON-TRENT ... 44, High Street
WORTHING ... 15-17, Rowlands Road

Summer Brightness in your Home all the year round at a BIG SAVING — not Sale stuff but STANDARD FURNITURE of the HIGHEST QUALITY

- Exclusive designs from overstocked manufacturers bought at a BIG SAVING which we are passing on to you.
- Jays customers get the benefit of the marvellous purchases we have made.

JAYS EASY TERMS

Worth	Weekly
£20	2/-
£40	4/-
£80	5/-
£100	10/-

OAK DINING ROOM SET

SALE PRICE 9½ Gns or 1/- Weekly

4ft. OAK BEDROOM SUITE

SALE PRICE 9½ Gns or 1/- Weekly

Send for full details of the benefits and very reasonable conditions. Our booklet "Tranquility" explains all.

Please send without obligation
- New Natural Colour Photography Catalogue
- Piano Catalogue
- Free Gift Catalogue
- Booklet—"Tranquility"

Cross out which does not apply

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Fill in name and address and post to us in ½d. stamped, unsealed envelope. J.B. 23.7.38

THE air is filled with happy laughter. No thought of possible danger ahead. Can you blame the kiddies? Of course not; it's a child's birthright to be happy and care-free.

And what a glorious time they are going to have next month! August—but what of the risks?

Parents who are registered readers of "John Bull" are saved a great deal of worry in the knowledge that "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift provides benefits for Children's Accidents.

"JOHN BULL'S" AID for PARENTS.

Last week alone "John Bull" dispatched no fewer than 117 cheques to parents whose children had met with accidents—timely aid that comes as a great boon and a blessing.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

In addition to providing Benefits for Children's Accidents and numerous other common everyday risks and perils, "John Bull" is the only paper in the world to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS BENEFIT.

£607 PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £607 8s. 3d. to registered readers or their dependants as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£233	8	3
Accident Benefits—Adults	£140	0	0
Children's Accidents ...	£234	0	0
	£607	8	3

OVER £600,000 ALREADY PAID.

This Great Gift of Security stands without parallel in practical value. Since the scheme was launched, the colossal sum of over £600,000 has been distributed to registered readers or their dependants—believe me, that figure represents a world record.

No greater testimony to the real practical value of this unique—I repeat, unique—Family Insurance Gift could possibly be forthcoming. Think what this practical assistance must have meant to tens of thousands of readers in their darkest hours.

FRIEND-IN-NEED.

The possession of "John Bull's" Certificate of Security will give you an additional sense of protection, for you know, as well as I do, how in our daily round we are often brought face to face with unsuspected risks and dangers. It will be a great relief and comfort to know that if misfortune does come your way—"John Bull" will prove your truest friend in need—a friend to whom you can turn, confident of ready and open-handed assistance.

If you have not yet obtained this second-to-none Free Gift, do so at once. Use the Forms below to-day.

By the way, readers have been quick to respond to my invitation last week to send to me the names and addresses of their friends who would also like to be covered by our Free Insurance Gift. I'm going to send to these friends the necessary Registration Forms which will enable them to qualify for the valuable benefits provided. If you have not yet sent me the names and addresses of your friends, why not do so to-day?

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 23/7/38.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 23/7/38.

Don't overlook JAYS 'Sunshine' SALE OF MANY FURNISHING BARGAINS on the Front Cover

The Coupon will bring Catalogues and full details of their 6 point plan

Have YOU Seen the latest COSSOR RADIO, TELEVISION, BATTERIES and APPLIANCES?

COSSOR'S latest range of products is deserving of special interest. They're the greatest value ever. Cossor's contribution to everyone's need for quality products at prices within the means of every household must interest every "John Bull" family. Before buying your radio, television, batteries and appliances, write, mentioning "John Bull," for latest 16-page Catalogue FREE! etc. Don't delay! Address: A. C. Cossor, Ltd., Melody Dept., Highbury Grove, London, N.5.

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 35

THORNS Garden Sheds

Fully Guaranteed. Cash or Terms. Easily erected. Delivered Free or Carr. Pd. Eng. & Wales.

Farm Buildings Dept. No. 88 from J. THORN & SONS, LTD., Box 88, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

OTHER DESIGNS FROM

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Terms	Dues. & Mitty.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	69/-	5/6 5/7
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	89/-	5/6 5/-
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	99/-	4/- 5/6
8ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	79/-	6/6 6/6

2/-

THE BOX CAMERA is YOURS—ABSOLUTELY FREE!

WITH REAL & FULL INSTRUCTIONS.

To popularise our famous 100% finished "Multi-Life" 3-hole type double-edged razor blades we are giving absolutely FREE with every order for 12 blades for 1/6 post free, this Box Camera with good lens, accurate view-finder, simple time and instantaneous shutter, leatherette finish. Daylight loading. Also film and instructions. Money back if blades are not equal to any 6d. blade obtainable. Send P.O. 1/6 only (stamps not accepted) for blades and FREE Camera and film. Nothing more to pay. Extra films 3d. per carton.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. F.C.J.B.12), 94, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

£2-2-0 VALUE FOR 4/11

WRIST WATCH REAL GOLD PLATED

ANOTHER COLOSSAL PURCHASE of closing factory's entire stock enables us to offer this genuine lever lady's real gold-plated expanding bracelet watch—made for Australian market to be sold at £2 2s.—direct from us at a price we as expert valuers know to be a worldwide achievement, ranking us as the British House for Amazing Bargains, 4/11, post 6d. Warranted 10 years. Gent's square model same price. Send NOW. Immediate Dispatch.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.E.C.2), 94, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

FREE TRIAL

So confident are we in the efficacy of the Omniped Elastic Foot Cushion that we will send you a pair free of any obligation for a 7 days' trial. They bring certain relief from pain caused by fallen arches, expanding feet, and metatarsal troubles. Send size of shoe to Dept. 22, Educational Foot Appliances, Ltd., 12, Baker Street, London, W.1.

OMNIPED FOOT CUSHION

Only 3/11 Plus 4d. postage.

250,000 Sufferers Already Relieved. We can and we do guarantee complete satisfaction.

RED COLOURED & POLISHED TILES

Red Tile and Red Composition Floors always have a lovely rich, red glow when polished with "Cardinal." Excellent too for Front Steps, Brick and Cement Paths, etc. Will not wash off in rain.

Also in Green, Cream, White, Buff and Transparent. Of all Dealers.

CARDINAL POLISH

SIDWICK PRODUCTS, LTD., London, W.4 CP/AB/2.

I'll show you how to Stop Smoking

FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS

Thousands of genuine, entirely uncollected testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: "Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your treatment the best investment I have ever made." If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit, write to-day for the Famous Treatise, "Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out," which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing, and lots for pounds, so write to-day.

Gilbert Stanley

THE STANLEY INSTITUTE LTD. (Dept. B.R.88), 91, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

A CYCLE A DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

CYCLES 65/-

THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1938 Models at lower prices and terms than agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

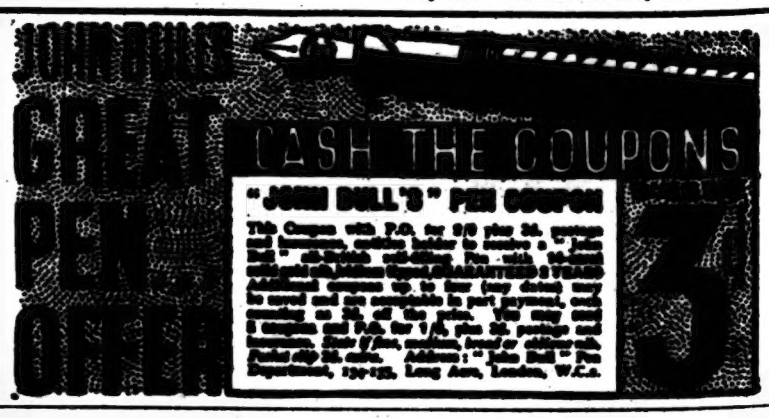
EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd., Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

LASTING WAVES ALL OVER THE HEAD WITH THIS NEW WAVER SETTER

A once in a lifetime opportunity to cut "Perm" and "setting" bills and obtain glorious, natural wavy hair. This famous Waver scientifically and automatically sets the hair into any desired depth of lasting waves. IT CANNOT FAIL even on absolutely straight hair, if you follow the simple instructions. No hot irons, no electricity, no gas or fuss—get a full wave at home in half an hour! Comfortable to use, washable, will last for years to save you pounds in hairdressing costs. Greatly reduced. A limited number offered at only 1/6 post 3d.

Post 3d. 1/6

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.E.W.2), 94, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.



CARPET BARGAINS

9/11

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- extra, we will forward direct from our looms one of our "Pedestal" Remnants of REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in 20 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Brown, Blues, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a specialty of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. Special Offer: 2 Carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 Doormats for 20/-. Carr. Pd. Cash or C.O.D.

F. HODGSON & SONS (G.B.), Weekley Road, Leeds.

STOP THOSE NOISES SPOILING YOUR LISTENING!

A child of 5 could fix the 'Inductor.' Just fix end of lead into X terminal and other terminal to aerial socket on set. No soldering, no alterations—it goes outside set. Interference, oscillation, "jamming," hum and all unwanted noises cease immediately, giving clear mellow tone. All makes of sets without exception will be improved with one of these. No upkeep. Lasts for ever. Thousands of testimonials received. Price 9d, only post 3d. Money back if dissatisfied. Send 1/- Postal Order to-day (stamps not accepted).

9d POST 3d

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.1.4), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

'ortable BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED!

2/- DOWN

WONDERFUL NEW EVERLASTING WOOD

Write at once for Free Catalogue of these amazing buildings! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., in beautiful Red Cedar, the everlasting wood which will not decay, warp or shrink. Needs no painting or preservative! Prices from £7/6. EASY TERMS. Free Delivery —all sizes. Send NOW to The Cedar Specialists

E. H. HALL & Co. (Kent), Ltd. (68T), Paddock Wood, KENT.

A WATCH WITH A NAME & A REPUTATION

10 Years Written Guarantee with every Watch!

CUTHBERTSON "7 DAYS HOME APPROVAL

for only 2/6 down you can become the owner of a World renowned Solid Gold Tru-Time Watch, jewelled with 15 Rubies and built to a most exceptional specification. Anti-magnetic, pressure adjustment, shock proof and unbreakable, every watch a perfect timekeeper. Cases are Hall marked Solid Gold, dependable and strong proof prompts. Simply send 2/6 deposit and if satisfied pay balance 2/6 fortnightly until reduced price of £4/4 is paid or send P.O. for Catalogue of Tru-Time Watches. Diamond Rings etc. ON EASY TERMS.

CUTHBERTSON, 91 OLD HOUSE, CHESTNOUSE ST., E.C.1

FULL-LENGTH BED CHAIR

17/6!

or 1/- Weekly.

Solid Oak frame. Velvet cord cushions any colour. Pat. spring seats. Call and inspect or send for Cat. J. of bargains in upholstered chairs, bed, and dining-room suites. Cheques, reg. letters and crossed P.Os to:—

Car. & Pack. 2/6

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO. LTD., 82, Shaftesbury Ave., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

PRISMATIC BINOCULARS

BY THE WORLD'S FAMOUS MAKERS

8 x 25 Model for 75/-

yours for 3/- dep.

Exceeding'y powerful Prism Binoculars by Lumiere, Paris. 8x Magnification, Wide View, "Screw and Eye-piece Focus," Bending Bar. Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with slings. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory Balance payable 5/- monthly until 79/6 is paid or cash within 7 days, 75/- only. Fully illus. List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 123), 94-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5.

4 IN 1 ELECTRIC MARVEL for OFFICE & HOME

1,000's ALREADY SOLD.

Plug-in to any electric light socket for quick, intense heat. Very economical. Handsome brown finish. For A.C. or D.C. State voltage 200-220; 230-250. Usually 12/6.

Obtainable only from Currys (Dept. J.B.), Great West Road, Brentford, Middx.

Flex and plug 1/- extra.

6/11 Post Free

Positively the Greatest Bargain ever offered to the DEAF

"Size of a Sixpence Earphone" (no battery) offered this week for 25/-. Previously sold at £7-7-0. The greatest Bith deafaid ever devised. No Batteries —No Wires—No Other Parts—Nothing more to pay. No Invisible. Amazing Power. Never before has such a bargain been offered to the Deaf.

This Week 25/- only Previously £7-7-0

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. HIS, 146, Regical Dept., 248, Oxford St., London, W.1 (over Oxford Circus Tube Stn.). (Facsimile to d.)

Supplied under National Health Scheme.

WANTED

ONE HUNDRED PERSONS (EITHER SEX) WHO ARE READY TO EARN A HANDFUL OF £1 NOTES BY SPARE TIME WORK BETWEEN NOW AND XMAS.

A handful of £1 notes by Christmas to spend on little luxuries for yourself, on some things you have been wanting, or on presents for others—**you can have a handful!**

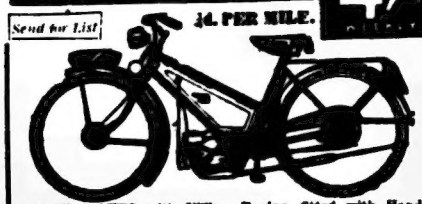
Send a postcard to us asking for our Private Christmas Card Sample Book, and we will send you the book and full particulars, free of charge. You are not asked for any deposit nor to outlay any of your own money. Our Sample Book contains by far the finest selection of private Christmas Greeting Cards, abounding in Novelties, amazing variety, remarkable Calendars of Imitation Oil Paintings, Animal Studies, beautiful pictures in Bromide, Coloured Scenes and Flower Subjects, dainty Notepapers, Bookmarks, etc. A masterpiece of the choicest and best. Your friends and acquaintances will be delighted to buy these from you, there is something for everybody's taste and needs, one pleasing one person and another pleasing someone else. We pay you handsomely and there are valuable prizes in addition. Apply at once and be the first to start.

J. RENSHAW & SONS, Ltd. (Dept. R.153), Climax Works, Accrington.

RAYNAL AUTO

TAXED & INSURED 4/-

Send for List. ½d. PER MILE.



RAYNAL-AUTO with Villiers Engine, fitted with Hand Clutch. Complete. 18 GNS.

RAYNAL-AUTO-SIX 19 GNS.

Tax 3/4 Quarterly; Insurance 7/6 per yr.; 140 m.p.g.

UP TO £6 ALLOWED IN PART EXCHANGE FOR YOUR CYCLE.

OFFICIAL RAYNAL LONDON DISTRIBUTORS.

We have a few second-hand Cyc-Autos from £5.

JAMES GROSE EUSTON R.

SOUTH WESTERN

GARDEN SHEDS IN SEAL OR CREOSOTED WOOD FROM 2/- MONTH

DELIVERY FREE ENGLAND & WALES BY RAIL or LORRY	L	W	Cash Disc.	12 Mths.
Send for your copy of this Art Catalogue FREE and post free.	3	3	21/-	2/-
	3	4	23/-	2/6
	3	6	28/-	3/-
	4	6	34/-	4/-
	6	7	52/-	7/-

OTHER MODELS FROM

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO., LTD Dept. S, Regent Road, Salford, E.W.4. Est. 1121

OILSKIN LEGGINGS & SOU'-WESTER GIVEN FREE

Mark envelope J.B.R. Co. Liquidation Stock.

GENUINE COVER TO FIRST 400 CUSTOMERS ONLY. HURRY FOR LARGE FREE GIFT.

Extra full size, made of finest quality Oilskin. GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF and non-stretching. Sliding opening at the back. Tapes for Handlebar adjustment. Double seam throughout.

FREE GIFT of full-size Leggings (30 in.) with wide adjustable bands, also full-size Sou'-Wester with double brim to complete set. Send 5/- to-day for the Cape, plus 6d. postage (or C.O.D. if preferred), and receive Leggings and Sou'-Wester absolutely free. Nothing more to pay.

COLD or BLACK 5/- Post 6d. C.O.D.

CAPE BACK IF DISSATISFIED.

J. WHITEFIELD, REID & Co., 39, Kirby Street, London, E.C.1.

GENUINE SURPLUS STOCK

JUST WEAR THEM LIKE GLASSES

No more aching arms! Very light and comfortable. These spectacle binoculars have independent eye focussing—the same principle as EXPENSIVE PRISMATIC BINOCULARS costing £15.5. Powerful magnification makes them ideal for all distances. For marine or sports use, theatres, etc. Limited number only at the reduced price of 3/9, post, etc., 6d. Send P.O. 4/3 now. Solid leather grained case 1/3 extra. Immediate dispatch.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.S.S.S.), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

NAIL BITING

Stop it!

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!

Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently free yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: 'Your treatment is miraculous, I am completely cured after being addicted for 20 years.' Scores of similar genuine testimonials from all over the world. Write for free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

FILTEX LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8

Send for BIG FREE CATALOGUE

SUTCLIFFE'S STORE SHED

FROM 3/8 MONTHLY.

Design S.S. Small Sheds, 25/-

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Frame, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections. Easily the best value. Sent carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.)	Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash.	Monthly.
	6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2 0 0	3/8
	7ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2 2 0	5/3
	10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4 5 0	7/10
	12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	£5 10 0	10/8

CATALOGUE FREE. Garages, 77/6; Greenhouses, 57/6; Aviaries, 42/-; Kennels, 27/-; Asbestos Garages, £5 5s.; Workshops, £4; Poultry Cabins, 22/6. Fencing 3/- yd. run. Carriage Paid

F. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., 62, Wood Top, Holden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms: 46-52, Oxford St., W.1

GENUINE SURPLUS OFFER OF

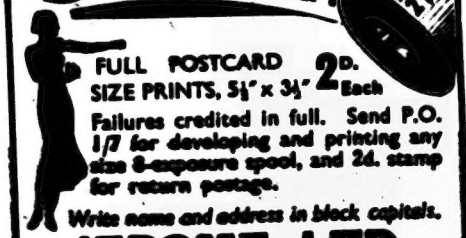
ARMY SILVER GREY BLANKETS WITH RED BORDER

FINAL CLEARANCE. The surplus of a large contract. All brand new and perfect, measuring 6ft. 3in. x 4ft. 2in. As these goods were made specially for overseas use, of a unique woolly texture which improves with washing, they are confidently recommended when a warm, hard-wearing blanket is required. Buy now while you have the opportunity. You cannot afford to miss this amazing bargain. 1/6 each. Post etc., 6d. Five for 7/6 post free. Other bargains in Army Surplus. Orders dealt with in strict rotation, so send P.O. at once to:—

1/6 EACH

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.S.S.S.), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

3D DEVELOPS ANY SIZE ROLL FILM



FULL POSTCARD SIZE PRINTS, 5½" x 3½" 2D. Each

Failures credited in full. Send P.O. 1/7 for developing and printing any size 8-exposure spool, and 2d. stamp for return postage.

Write name and address in block capitals.

JEROME LTD. Bovay Place, Holloway, N.7, and Branches

GENUINE SURPLUS OFFER

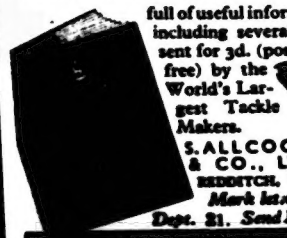
NAVAL COAST GUARD 4 PULL TELESCOPES 3/11

POSTAGE 7d.

Slightly used but optically perfect. Every piece examined. Last of stock. Must be Cleared regardless of cost. Smashing reduction makes this an offer which should not be missed. These famous Telescopes have a perfect range of vision over several miles. Smooth action adjustment. Four-pull range finder. Heavily brass plated with all-weather body when closed. X16 magnification, 2/11, post 7d. Few only Army Pocket Model Telescopes. Marvellously powerful. Long range, 1/6, post 3d. Cash refunded if dissatisfied.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. Y.J.B.3), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

★ This 220 page book on FISHING & FISHING TACKLE



full of useful information for anglers, including several coloured plates, sent for 3d. (post free) by the World's Largest Tackle Makers.

S. ALLCOCK & CO., LTD. REDDITCH, ENG.

Mark letter Dept. 21. Send Now

ALLCOCKS TACKLE for RELIABILITY

FOR HOLIDAYS AND WEEK ENDS

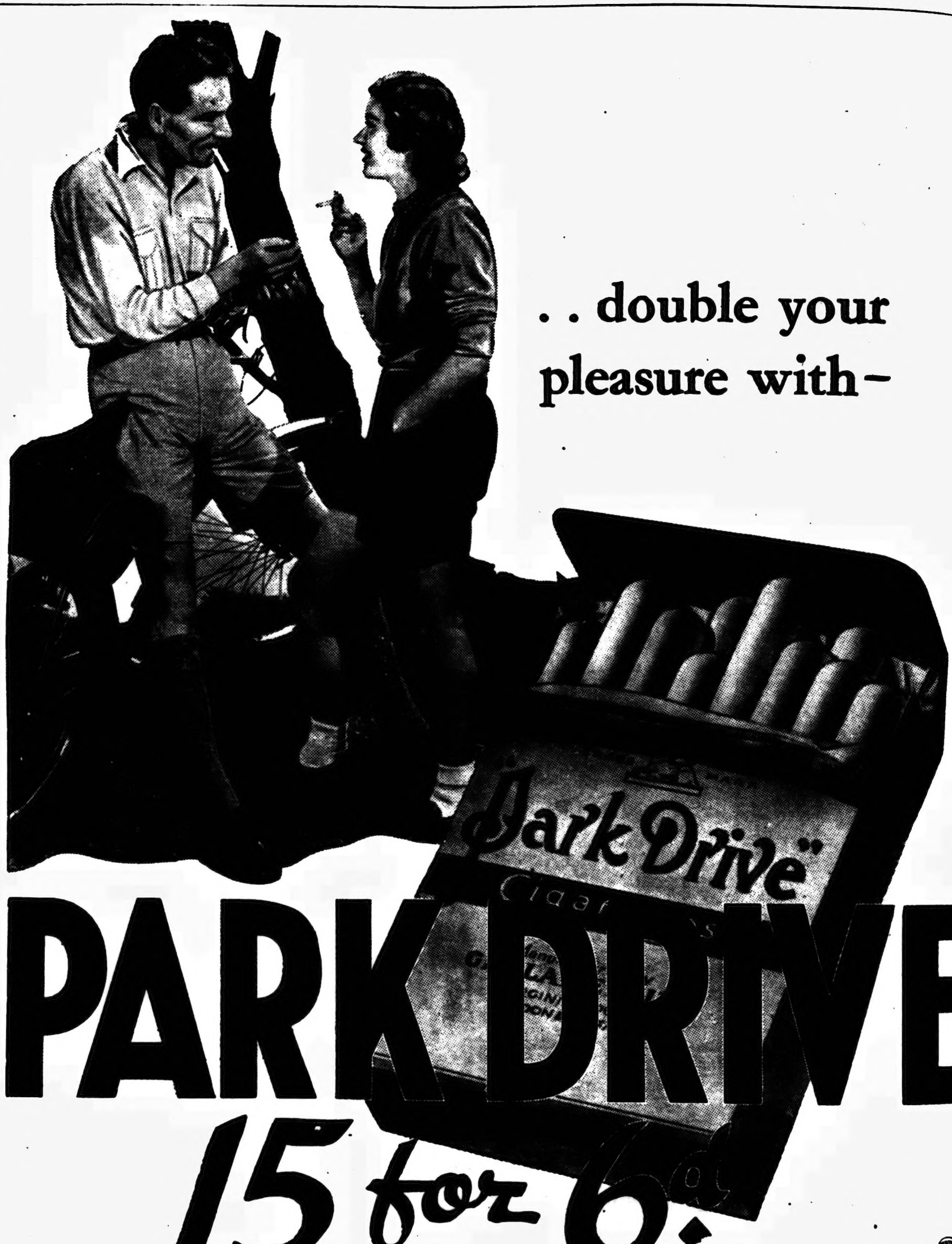
Latest Transparent STORMPROOF RAIN CAPE

1/9

Big purchase enables us to offer this emergency full-length lady's Rain Cape for the amazingly low price of 1/9 (post 3d.). Gives complete protection against heaviest rainstorm, yet folds to fit in your handbag. Extremely light weight. On in a jiffy—unfold, wrap round shoulders and fasten with tape. A bargain if ever there was! Send NOW p.o. 2/- to:—

Wm. PENN Ltd. (Dept. R.O./14), 422, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

LIGHT WEIGHT FOLDS FOR HANDBAG



. . double your pleasure with—

PARK DRIVE

15 for 6d.

10 FOR 4D PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD) 5 FOR 2D

JOHN BULL

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 23, 1938.

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

Wars Britain Must Fight
Hospitals for the Fit
Youth's Glad Week

Lord Bessborough wants hospitals for the fit; so do we

SPAIN! Czechoslovakia! Two small Powers keep their big brothers in the waiting-room, hold up Mr. Chamberlain's plans for European appeasement.

No fulfilment of the Anglo-Italian pact without a Spanish "settlement." No Anglo-German political talks till Czechs and their German minority come to terms.

A chance, Mr. Chamberlain, to take stock of your policy!

Lasting Peace

Appeasement! Take the world as it is, and make the best of it.

Accept nations as they are, and come to terms with them. The policy's sound—as far as it goes.

But it's not enough. It may give peace for a time. But not for all time.

Lasting peace cannot be built on bargainings prompted by fear and shaped by might.

Rebuild the League

Enduring peace must be based on justice, dispensed and upheld by permanent international machinery.

To provide such machinery was the task of the League of Nations.

Rebuild the League! calls the Archbishop of Canterbury. Take his advice, Mr. Chamberlain.

Bargain with Hitler and Mussolini, by all means. Stop the old order's drift to disaster!

But strive meanwhile to build a new order that will make such disaster impossible. Face the present, but look to the future, too!

Barrier of Words

Remember, however, that the League, however effective you make it, is only machinery. It won't work if men won't work it, if nationalism prevails over internationalism.

Inventions have broken down many barriers between nations.

But the arch-barrier—language—has grown rather than lessened with time.

All educated Europe in mediæval times could converse in Latin.

Now nations can make themselves heard across oceans—heard, but not understood.

Two Tongues

Learn Esperanto! suggests Mr. H. H. Elvin, chairman of the T.U.C. An impossible dream, cry others, no artificial tongue can thrive! Make English the world language, add some.

It's a question all Governments should ponder. The same second language for all mankind! Let men keep their native tongues for ordinary converse, but use a second, simple language for international communication. That's not only a great ideal, it's sound business.

Wars We Want

How mighty we are, how ferocious! That's the cry of dictators.

All nations have been too much encouraged to judge themselves by military prowess; totalitarian systems proclaim it the only criterion.

Governments vie in boasting of their might, measure their prestige in terms of guns and armies. Dangerous rivalries, warping the lives of nations, and luring mankind to the precipice!

Vaunt the arts of peace instead! Boast of civil triumphs! Make war on disease, poverty and distress! Challenge other nations to show better health services, higher employment figures, fuller care for the sick, maimed and aged!

And what nation is better able to set the pace than Britain?

Folly's Blindness

Road deaths are shocking in Britain. But worse in Italy. What are you going to do about that, Signor Mussolini?

Britain's internal air services flew 3,300,000 miles last year, without a serious accident. Was Germany's record as good, Herr Hitler?

What about Germany's railways? Falling to pieces through a vicious circle of folly—metal seized for arms to the neglect of rails that will have to carry them!

Unsafe Schools

THOUSANDS of schools in Britain are still governed by committees of managers, responsible to the area education authorities.

Agitation to alter the system has been going on for years. Because most of these bodies have no funds and neglect the fabric and safety of the schools.

Accidents are common owing to defective classrooms, playgrounds and equipment.

But when damages are awarded against managers they seek relief from the education authorities—who invariably refuse it.

Now Mr. Justice Tucker has laid down the law.

He has decided that when a jury orders damages to be paid for injured children the managers are entitled to complete indemnity.

That must be the final argument for the abolition of an antiquated piece of local government.

Better Than Cure

Prevention better than cure! An old adage, but the keynote of a week of health news. Stressed by Lord Bessborough at the Royal Sanitary Institute's Congress. The object of a new medical institute in Liverpool, which will examine only the fit—to warn them of dangers ahead and tell them how to stay fit.

Cars and bikes need periodical overhaul. The human body—a million times more delicate — needs it, too.

Good Lead

To the country for rest and recreation! Soon for work, too! The Milk Marketing Board leads the way—transferring its 800 employees from whirling Westminster to sylvan Surrey. Reasons: saving rent, safer in air attack.

Health and Beauty

A healthy tendency. But fraught with danger, if uncontrolled.

Most of our cities are an unplanned mess. Save our countryside from the same fate! Collect these emigrant trades and factories in satellite towns designed for health and beauty!

Men or Machines

That's taking the worker to health. But you can also bring health to the worker. Pithead baths by 1944 for every miner! Better food soon for seamen!

Healthy workers are better workers. But that doesn't mean that they should be fed like machines, merely stoked up with the fuel that yields the best results! Temper science with imagination.

Tommy's Mug

Officialdom often hurts when it means to be kind. It's not without the milk of human kindness, but it keeps it bottled up.

The War Office thought soldiers would prefer the dignified glass to the more plebeian mug. Some, however, favour drinks more suitably consumed in mugs than glasses. They're just unlucky. It's now glasses in the instructions, and glasses it must be!

Make Mines Safe

More hope for those who toil in mines! The Royal Commission on Mining Safety is nearing the end of its two and a half years' labours.

Better ventilation! Better support for roofs and walls! Better protection of haulage roads! Plans that will lessen the risks of 700,000 lives!

The Commission has taken a long time, but the more thoroughly it has done its work the more quickly the Government can act. Give miners a new safety charter. Make it next session's chief Bill!

No Summer Swotting

Schools are breaking or broken up! But that's not the only cause this week for youthful glee. The Board of Education is proposing that secondary school and university examinations be shifted from summer to December.

Prime object: to enable summer holidays to be staggered. But it brings another boon. Last-minute swotting, which now absorbs long summer evenings, would be concentrated on dark November nights.

Too Many Exams.

Much controversy about the merits of examinations at all.

Sensible answer is that it depends on the examinations. Those who have won scholarships to our universities, taken first-class honours, attain eminence in all walks of life.

Chief criticisms are against secondary school certificate examinations and matriculation. Too much insistence on specialised knowledge. Proficiency in such subjects as English and arithmetic should be expected of all. But take more account of general knowledge and general intelligence!

Second Chance

Here's another holiday scheme for the young. Worthing magistrates and Rotarians are providing a holiday camp for all boys on probation in that town.

Youthful offenders are placed on probation, instead of in prison, to give them a second chance to go straight.

Show that society wants to help them so long as they want to be helped!

Voice of the People

BEFORE I went in for my first motoring test I listened to the tales of people who had failed.

Result: I became so nervous that I failed myself.

The next time I started the test knowing from practical experience that the examiners *don't* try to trip you unfairly—that most of the stories told about them by the people they fail are sheer romance.

Result: I went through with flying colours.—Mrs. F. M. Gunnell, Clydebank, Salisbury Road, Harpenden, Herts.

So many stories are being told about examiners' "tricks" that some of them tell "L" drivers before test begins: "I am not going to catch you out in any way. If I ask you to do anything, you may really do it without hesitation."

Penny a Ring

My brother tells me that in many parts of Holland he has noticed doorbells that only ring when a coin is inserted in a slot.

Visiting friends get their coins refunded. Pedlars lose their pennies.

It's an idea—although I must confess that I would give pedlars their money back.—Mrs. Dora Lanson, 1028, Coventry Road, South Yardley, Birmingham.

Not So Lucky

So horseshoes are lucky, are they?

Since I hung one over the door, my wife has had an insect bite that has turned septic and a dog bite that has left a scar.

And in addition to having an iron door fall on my foot, crippling me for four weeks, I have contracted food poisoning.

Lucky!

I have taken the horseshoe down now, so that it won't fall on my head!—E. Macmillan, 4, St. Michael Street, Brecon.

Staggering

Here's another argument for staggered holidays:

Imagine war breaking out, and a bombing raid ensuing during an August Bank Holiday week.

Think of the millions of people whose gas-masks will remain behind in their home towns. Think of the tragic shortage of such appliances in the resorts all round the coast.—J. Booth, 24, West Parade, Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent.

Official answer: "Every place will have sufficient masks for its maximum needs. Neither temporary nor permanent changes of population will cause any shortage."

Passing the Buck

I have a brother who became unemployed. So they gave him six months' farm training and bundled him off to Canada.

There he worked for two different farmers, six months for each. In the end, neither could afford to pay him.

Out of work again, he suffered hardship far worse than he had ever encountered in England.

Is that helping a man when he's down?—Mrs. E. J. Warren, 4, Amy Road, Oxted, Surrey.

The authorities call that "emigration." "Passing the buck" is a better description.

'Ware, Danger

Not far from North Foreland lighthouse, where the North Sea is said to meet the English Channel, it is not at all uncommon to find sticks of cordite. Rumour says it was dumped into the sea during the war and is washed in by the tide.—Registered Reader X210,075, No. 1 Section, R.A.O.C., Aldershot.

Sticks of cordite have been found in London gardens—and you can't blame the tides for that.

Saving Our "Sovs."

Racecourse authorities never seem to think of offering a thousand pounds or a thousand Treasury notes as prize-money. It is always a thousand "sovs."

As "sovs." are worth considerably more than thirty shillings, wouldn't they get something of a shock if a winning owner claimed his full pound of flesh?—S. Spez, 1, Dahlia Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

No. Although you can sell a golden sovereign, transactions in gold are void now we are off the gold standard. In any case, Jockey Club made adequate safeguards before we went off gold—lest winning foreign owners tried to get their hands on good British gold.

Obedience

Here's the first tit-bit of news brought home by my little nephew, who has just started school.

Hearing feeble efforts at singing from the infants' class, the headmaster put his head round the door and said: "Come, come! This won't do! You'll have to pull your socks up!"

And with one accord all the children in the class bent down and pulled their socks up!—Mrs. W. Ellis, 3, Mariami Close, Millbrook, Southampton.

I REMEMBER...

YOU'D hardly believe, when traffic delays irritate you, what "grouping" did for our railways.

I remember, on the old L.Y.R., a platformful of people being packed in a train at Chapel Street Station, Southport, so tightly that I was one of forty compressed in the guard's van.

We had passed St. Luke's and Blowick, when the stoker came down the line to enquire where the train was going. He, the driver and the guard had no idea.

As for us—the passengers—we wanted to get to Wigan, Bolton, Manchester, and all sorts of places lying in different directions.

Baffled, the stoker said: "We'll take no notice of platform signals to stop. We'll get on to Wigan and see what they can do for us."—E. W. W., 192, Twist Lane, Leigh, Lancs.

I LOVED tiger nuts as a child. You could get them everywhere. Who can forget their moist sweetness?

To-day they are almost unheard of. (You see, I still love them!) But I have to take a 2d. 'bus ride to the only shop I know that sells them. And, apart from two or three children, I am the only customer for them.—V. Skinner, 64, Scales Road, N.17.

WE British are the most tolerant race on earth. But were we always?

I recall that when I was a child, forty years ago, I was refused admission to two private schools (once as I stood in the headmaster's room, crimson to the roots of my hair). Membership of a tennis club was barred to me. In scores of ways I was treated as an undesirable.

I was the son of a tradesman—and you know what that meant in snobbish, Victorian England! —Grocer, Horsham.

OH, for those days when housewives could buy in any shop, at any stall, those extraordinarily cheap and delightful-tasting things called plum tomatoes, so much better for frying than ordinary tomatoes.

They made it possible for the poorest and biggest family to have variety in breakfast menus.—Mrs. Armstrong, 18, Dale Street, Smethwick, Staffs.

(Italy sends them as canned tomatoes now. They are not as cheap.)

MY mother was planning my tenth birthday party. Being a woman, I'll say that that was at least thirty years ago.

I can clearly recollect four or five mothers of children invited telling my own mother that if a certain girl attended their daughters could not.

That certain girl's mother had been seen smoking a cigarette in the street at Harrow!—Miss D. Gulliver, Field End Road, Ruislip, Middlesex.

GOING back to the days when my memories begin, I recall that men always began to go bald in a circle at the back—a circle which grew bigger until the head was a vast "skating rink."

Strange that you rarely see that kind of baldness to-day. First there is thinness above the forehead; then baldness sweeps backwards like a tide. — Leslie Cox, Treburley, Churchill Road, Parkstone.

TRAFFIC grows thicker and faster, and all sections of road users grumble at restrictions, but I often recall seeing motor-cars go up Brixton Hill preceded by a red flag. The date, I think, was something before 1896.

Hundreds of us boys used to watch the spectacle from a fence that bordered a field, and which one day collapsed and threw us backwards. Imagine a field in Brixton to-day.—A. Lister, Flat 3, 60, Walworth Road, S.E.17.

AS a lad at school I saw the governess caning my teacher for giving water to one of the children without her permission.—Ernest H. Rees, 5, Bowls Terrace, Penyrheol, Caerphilly, Glam.

Brass-Hats

Stagger holidays, advise the Government. And then arranges to send 2,000 soldiers here right in the middle of the holiday season (end of July to August).—Miss Mollie Brown, 35, Rolle Street, Exmouth.

In the Dark

I am the father of two children attending an elementary school, but I have never been told what progress they are making.

I am as interested in their future careers as any father in the land—but there's no school report for me.—William Atkinson, 40, Westbury Street, Sunderland.

Head teachers have long sought this reform.

Namesake

"What'll win to-day?" some neighbours asked me.

"I will," I said, jokingly.

I got home that night to find the house full of presents from those friends. Seeking an explanation, I

learned from my wife that my tip had won at a big price. Then I looked at the racing news and saw the winning jockey was—well, look at my name.—Harry Wragg, 43, Hall Street, Sherwood, Nottingham.

Frightened Heroes

True dog-lovers laugh when they read of dogs being given the status of heroes for raising the alarm when fire threatens a household.

They know that the delicate noses of our canine friends suffer distress from fumes long before human beings are seriously affected by them. So, terrified, they give vent to their fear.—James McPherson, Park Street, N.W.1.

There are things people like to make themselves believe. Idea that courage prompts dogs to raise alarms is one.

We Want to Know!

What you are thinking about. Interesting things you've seen. Interesting things you've done.

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

THE CATCH IN HOLIDAYS WITH PAY

IT seemed three months ago that victory in the long fight for compulsory holidays with pay had been won at last.

Lord Amulree's Commission urged that paid holidays should be provided for everybody.

So strong were the recommendations, it seemed certain the Government would act upon them.

We, and those for whom we had fought for so long, rejoiced also.

But we rejoiced too soon.

For the truth is that, in three months, muddling officialdom has changed holidays with pay into a fiasco that shames the nation.

Stand back and see the whole inhuman tangle in perspective.

★ Until two years ago, only 3,500,000 workers, whose wages brought them within the scope of the Unemployment and Health Insurance Acts, received holidays with pay by voluntary agreements with their employers—mainly co-operative societies and the public services.

Then, while the Amulree Commission was sitting, it was announced that 3,000,000 other industrial workers were *supposed* to have made similar agreements about paid holidays.

So the movement was really gaining ground!

How Britain cheered when the Commission made its plea for paid holidays to be compulsory by law, and the boon extended to the remaining thirteen million men and women paying Unemployment or Health Insurance contributions.

But how have those thirteen million fared?

The intention of the Government is that only 2,000,000 of them will be helped by law to get paid holidays.

Half of them are workers whose labour conditions are regulated by Trade Boards and the rest farm workers governed by Agricultural Wages Committees. But even this small minority has no guarantee that the decision will be made effective.

All that the proposals do is to empower the wages tribunals to make orders *if the employers are willing.*

Already in scores of trades embraced by the recommendation, obstinate employers are assuming that there is no danger of their being compelled to grant holidays with pay, so long as they hold out.

In any case, Trade Boards and Agricultural Wages Committees are the weakest possible machinery that could have been chosen for enforcing paid holidays.

Their decisions are too easily and too often evaded.

For the remaining eleven million workers no legislation is in sight.

The essential part of the Royal Commission's Report—paid holidays to be made compulsory for all—is to be ignored.

★ Even people in domestic service, for whom two weeks' holiday was specially recommended, have been wiped off the slate.

Government policy is that the unlucky 11,000,000 should be dependent on whatever agreements can be reached voluntarily in their industries and trades.

And that is an unhappy outlook.

For not all the 6,500,000 workers who are *supposed* to be protected by voluntary agreements are getting paid holidays.

Great numbers of them have been exploited by bad employers, who see in the holidays-with-pay arrangement an opportunity for scoring off competitors loyally observing the agreements.

Roughly, the arrangement is that a worker is entitled to a holiday with pay after twelve months' service—the completion of about 2,000 working hours.

What is happening, especially among public works contractors, motor-car manufacturers and a number of heavy industries, is that workers are being dismissed in relays of hundreds—in thousands in some areas—just before they qualify for a break.

This family is lucky. Father's got a holiday with pay. But 11,000,000 like him have still to share his good fortune.

★ They can have a holiday—at their own expense—and are told that at the end of it they may confidently apply for reinstatement.

This violation is a terrible blow to the workers concerned.

Many of them have been scraping throughout the year to take their families with them to the country or the seaside, and have paid deposits on rooms.

Now they cannot take those rooms, and are liable to be sued by the owners of boarding houses and lodgings for breach of contract.

Again, many employers who formerly paid their workers for Christmas, Easter, Whitsun and August Bank Holidays are now refusing to do so.

What has been given with one hand has been taken away with the other.

Isn't it strange that, with three million families supposed to be enjoying paid holidays for the first time this year, the unanimous official report from the holiday centres should be that fewer people than normally are visiting them?

Not so strange to those who know the extent to which the voluntary agreements plan is being ruined and proved worthless by reactionary employers.

Tens of thousands of young men this summer are going to their first Territorial Army camps, and will receive Army pay for the week of training.

They have to devote their holiday to the purpose—and it is a common report that employers are deducting the small amount of military pay from the holiday money.

For evasion and harshness like this, however, private employers are not to be blamed if Government procedure is taken as encouragement.

★ Up and down the country workers who have fallen out of employment just before the holiday period and are entitled to pay during it, are finding that the Ministry of Labour and the Unemployment Assistance Board are refusing them benefit.

Also, if a man receives holiday pay, and a member of his household is out of work, the money is regarded as part of the family income, and the unemployment allowance is reduced accordingly.

Even when they are fully observed by employers, the voluntary agreements provide for so little, and are so beset with deductions for absence caused by illness or disablement, that in thousands of cases the workers have empty pockets when the week's holiday period arrives.

They are driven to apply for public assistance. It is being refused all along the line.

At the present rate of progress, with voluntary agreements which can be evaded or exploited, it would take a lifetime to secure effective holidays with pay for all workers.

Nevertheless, Government spokesmen still pretend that the unlucky eleven million workers will get holidays with pay!

They quote the miners, 600,000 of whom are supposed to have been given paid holidays this year.

A worse example of the failure of voluntary agreements could not be cited.

When the agreements in the mining industry come to be studied, it is found that the workers lose by them!

★ A man may forfeit in wages from £3 16s. to £4 5s. and, at the end of the year, receive for the holiday period £3 if he is married and 30s. if he is single.

Small wonder that the coal owners are leading the opposition to any legislation which will make paid holidays a reality.

Britain passed the first factory laws, and the world copied them.

Are we to lag in the greatest industrial reform of all?

In thirty-eight countries holidays with pay are the legal right of every worker.

Even the peons of Cuba and Venezuela can look down their noses at the British working man.

BALDWIN OF BEWDLEY

HANNEN SWAFFER'S NEW 'WHO'S WHO'

Once overlooked by Cabinet colleagues, Lord Baldwin is now "The Greatest Englishman"

"Never so simple as he looked, he could get away with anything"

IF, walking along a lane in Worcestershire, you passed a rather squat man, limping with a stick, looking out in front of him apparently into nothing, it would be hard to realise that it was Earl Baldwin—"Honest" Stanley—the steel manufacturer who, by a chance, became Prime Minister, was for years overlooked even by colleagues in the Cabinet, and then retired in a blaze of glory, almost with a halo.

He has gone into the seclusion for which he often said he yearned. He can now prod his pigs, win prizes at the local flower show, ruminate, smoke the pipe which was his hall-mark, and indulge in that laziness of which he was accused, "laziness" which, actually, was the secret of his success.

Well, History will say of Baldwin that, in an hour of crisis, he saved the British Throne.

There will be built up, gradually, the legendary figure of a man of placid mind, literary tastes and homely occupations who beat the so-called "brilliance" around him — the Churchills and the Birkenheads—by remaining a simple Englishman.

It will not all be true. Thrillers, I am assured, are Earl Baldwin's brand of fiction.

And, believe me, he was never as simple as he looked. His bedtime speeches on the air calmed away all public knowledge of a subtle politician whose astuteness was hidden behind an appearance of rugged simplicity.

BALDWIN, as Prime Minister, could get away with anything. Lloyd George got blamed for artfulness.

The public never suspected that, compared with Baldwin, his great adversary, L. G. was almost naïve.

One day, someone will write—not in our time, but in the years to come—the inside story of the Abdication crisis, the solution of which was the crowning achievement of Baldwin's career.

What really happened is still hidden, either in a mass of words or in profound silence.

Was Edward VIII's projected marriage the real issue? Was there, behind that, a challenge to Cabinet dominance? Those who could tell you still hold their tongues.

All that the public knows is that Baldwin, the Crisis successfully averted, saw a new King crowned amid the acclamations of his peoples, and then, his job done, left office, esteemed by all sections of the House, liked by everybody, and, I should say, the most popular Prime Minister of my lifetime.

Forgotten, now, is his disastrous Debt settlement with the United States, a blunder from the consequences of which only Bonar Law's loyalty saved him. Nor are the constant attacks made on him by newspaper millionaires in any way remembered.

THEN the public retain, on the other hand, no memory of his generous gift to the nation, made anonymously, of £100,000, his war profits, a gift made in the simple, but unjustified, faith that other people who had made money out of the war would follow his example.

By that action he impoverished himself—and then gave peerages to others who kept their war millions.

Forgotten, too, is his share in the events which led to the General Strike, his glory in a Gold Standard which meant greater impoverishment to millions to which the miners would not agree—a Gold Standard which was abandoned in 1931, a few weeks after he had formed a National Government to save it.

Mind you, I see two Baldwins—the man of benevolent eloquence and altruistic oratory, and the man whose policy as Prime Minister contradicted all that well-meaning utterance.

"I implore you to lessen the strain in modern industry," he said to a great gathering of industrialists on the eve of his retirement. The speech was heard on the air by millions.

YET Baldwin's first speech in the House of Commons opposed the miners' Eight Hours Bill.

He was virtual Prime Minister in a Government which, year after year, sent to Geneva delegates to oppose the forty-hours' week, and the actual head of a Government which ruined the School-leaving Age Bill.

More than that, he was the only Prime Minister of England who ever increased the miners' working hours.

The one Baldwin was the man of high ideals. The other was the prisoner in a political system from which he did not seek to escape.

More than almost any man to-day, Baldwin is asked to make speeches, to open bazaars, to talk on the air, to make broadcast appeals for charity.

There pour upon him tempting offers for his memoirs. Called by ecstatic admirers "The Greatest Englishman," he is invited to tour the Dominions.

The truth is that he wants a rest. One leg is crippled. They call it arthritis, sometimes. He himself has used the words, "the rheumatism common in the Severn Valley."

Anyway, every few weeks he comes out from his retreat in the Worcestershire village which is his real home and delivers utterances which, if not possessed of much originality, are quiet and timely.

There was at Worcester, a few weeks back, one of the most interesting of all these public appearances.

His own people, those who for years had voted for him and extolled him, gave him a seventeenth-century tapestry, an address, and a book containing the names of 1,000 subscribers.

There were, then, one-minute speeches by a farmer, a land-worker, and employee at one of the forges of the Baldwin Ironworks, a woman, and a youth. Those surroundings were, indeed, a fitting circumstance.

EARL BALDWIN then made one of his typical speeches. There was no phrase in it that would go into a book. There was no line that would stamp itself upon the memory of anyone who heard.

"The floodgates of memory have been lifted," he said, "and a spate of recollections from old days have almost swept me away. I am reminded of farmers' dinners and ploughing competitions." That was all.

Still, that is the sort of speech which, while it taught nothing and said nothing, pleased the country people who listened. Here was a man who had been Prime Minister of England, who had held supreme sway for years over the destinies of a great nation—and yet he sounded just like one of themselves, an ordinary Englishman.

That, I think, is Baldwin's real secret. He was never superior to anybody. He behaved as one of a team. He did not arouse suspicion. He always looked a decent sort of guy.

He has more humour in him than many suspect.

They tell in Bewdley, for instance—and in Worcestershire generally stories of Stanley Baldwin abound—how the Sunday after the local parson had complained about the people who dropped threepenny-bits in the plate, the churchwarden, taking a collection, was astounded to find that the future Prime Minister had dropped into the plate threepenny-bits, all in a bag, and amounting altogether to £5!

"I HOPED to be a blacksmith," Baldwin told his Bewdley constituents. "It is a man's job. But, as the fates would have it, I found another kind of man's job and took just as much patience as that of a blacksmith and dealing with material hardly less malleable."

Now, among his pigs and in his hothouses and gardens, this man, who to such an extraordinary degree was so ordinary that he became unusual, will have much to contemplate; and, did he dare to write it, much to commit to paper.

Yet, looking back on the turbulence and the storm, there will always remain one haunting memory.

Stanley Baldwin will see himself standing beside the table in a House of Commons that was tense, crowded, expectant, making the greatest of all his speeches.

It was conversational. It contained no adjectives. It had no peroration. It was in no sense oratory. Yet it caused tears.

HARD-LOOKING men wept. M.P.s by the score listening, held their heads, staring on the ground.

Baldwin was telling, in detail, the story of how, for love of a woman, a most popular King had relinquished the proudest Throne in Christendom.

He had in his hands merely two or three sheets of notepaper, and a postcard on which, scribbled by the King himself, were the words: "The King is confident that the Duke of York (the new King) deserves and will receive the support of the whole Empire."

For forty-five minutes the Prime Minister spoke. Every word was cabled all over the world.

The whole course of English history had been changed. In any other country in the world the streets of the capital would have been stained with blood.

I heard it, and then walked through Westminster Hall, where Richard II had abdicated, to find outside the gates two police cars, from which, through loud-speakers, voices came asking, "Move on, please!"

London merely moved on. Baldwin had done his job.

And now he has moved on.

JOHN BULL'S MAN AND WOMAN OF THE WEEK

Once more JOHN BULL presents a man and woman of the week — two people whose plight is typical of thousands now being crushed by the merciless official machine.

Their stories will surprise, amaze and anger you that such inhumanity is possible in this land of ours.

Why the Postman Weeps

Postman Howlett

PEOPLE have seen tears in the eyes of Postman Robert Howlett, of Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, when he has handed them their letters recently.

He is broken-hearted because he is homeless and his wife and seven children are in the workhouse.

The reason? In the eyes of officialdom Postman Howlett has too many children.

Let's begin at the beginning.

After service as a youth with the Northamptonshire Regiment on the Western Front, Howlett went to the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, became a corporal, and spent most of the next fifteen years with garrisons abroad.

He was married while in the Army and his wife and five children had quarters with the regiment.

So high were Howlett's qualifications as a technical soldier, and so fine was the report of his commanding officer, that, on his discharge, he was soon given a permanent job by the General Post Office.

When he arrived at Chipping Norton three years ago, to be both postman and Royal Mail van driver, he was able to get a house large enough for his needs.

The owner found him a good tenant. He paid his rent punctually and took great care of the property.

But for some reason the landlord preferred the house to be occupied by a smaller family, and Howlett was asked to leave.

So he appealed to the council, but it could not provide or promise him a suitable home at rent he could afford.

He was lucky enough, however, to get another good-sized house by his own efforts, and the family settled down again.

Then one day not long ago a widow with no children came from another county to look at the house.

She liked it and decided to buy it—on condition that she could have immediate possession.

Application was made to the county court for formal authority to get rid of Howlett and his family.

The judge was sympathetic, but without power to allow the Howletts to remain.

The property laws, as they stand, had to be administered, and an order for possession had to be granted to the new owner.

The postmaster, the man's colleagues, estate agents, all joined in a search for accommodation for the family. In vain.

Wherever privately owned houses were available, the landlords refused to let them to a man with a big family. It was the same with the owners of rooms.

Evicted at Night

When a special plea was made for him on the ground of his Army record, it made no difference.

Once more Howlett went to the council offices.

The officials looked askance at his request for a municipal house.

The Howlett family had increased. Twins had been born.

Too many children, they said, for his application to be entertained.

Five weeks ago came the day when Howlett had to remove under the court order.

He was told that if he did not quit by noon the bailiffs would enter to eject the family and to put his belongings on the highway.

At that time, he pointed out, he would be on duty with the Royal Mail van. So they gave him a few hours' grace.

At 10 o'clock on a summer night the furniture was carried out and dumped in a stable, where it still remains.

Howlett sent a message to the town council that he, his wife and seven children were now without a home or shelter.

"Oh!" was the reply, "we'll soon fix up the wife and kiddies. There's plenty of room in the workhouse."

Turned Down Again

A big car arrived, and into it were packed Mrs. Howlett, carrying her twin babies, and the five other children.

They were taken to the workhouse at Woodstock, thirteen miles away.

There, wearing pauper uniforms, they are to-day. There they may be for ever for all the authorities seem to care.

The chief official concern at the moment is to find means to compel Howlett to pay the bill for the transport of his wife and children to the workhouse.

A few days ago Howlett, who is in lodgings, learned that a three-bedroom council house was to be let at a rent he could afford.

He applied for it, and was handed a form asking him to state any special reason why he should have it.

He wrote on the paper: **"Because I have no home, my wife and seven children are in the workhouse and my furniture is in a stable."**

That wasn't good enough. They turned him down.

It costs the ratepayers 30s. a week to maintain each member of the Howlett family in the workhouse—£12 a week—£60 for the five weeks they have been in the institution.

What idiocy!

What inhumanity!

State Leaves Wife to Starve

BECAUSE the State owes more than £11 to Mrs. R. Jones, of St. Leonard's Road, Hythe, Kent, and will not pay up, she and her two children are starving.

And they have been destitute for weeks. They have no fire, no light—the bill is unpaid, so it has been cut off.

The rent, too, is in arrears, and any moment this woman and her two children may be ordered to leave their home.

* * *

Yet that £11 the State owes would pay all these debts, and buy the food and clothes they need.

Here is the story of that debt.

On his discharge from the Regular Army, Mrs. Jones' husband could not get work in Kent, and was given 17s. a week unemployment benefit for himself and 16s. for his wife and children.

Four months ago he went to Bolton to search for a job—he is still without one—believing that in Lancashire his service with the Manchester Regiment would count for something.

At Bolton he registered afresh with the Ministry of Labour, and asked that the 16s. allowance to his family should be paid direct to them. He was told that was impossible. The regulation is that the money must be received by the husband.

* * *

So he drew the 16s. and sent it, less one shilling, to his wife. The shilling paid for the money-order, registered postage and stamps.

It took every penny of his own 17s. allowance to keep him in lodgings.

Then two Ministry of Labour inspectors visited Mrs. Jones in Hythe.

One wanted to verify that she was really married and that her husband was the father of her children. He was satisfied.

The other wanted to know how much money Mr. Jones was sending from Bolton. Fifteen shillings a week, he was told.

* * *

That, the official pointed out, was an offence against the regulations. Sixteen shillings should have been forwarded.

The authorities could not countenance the deduction of a shilling to cover the cost of sending the money.

From Hythe, a telephone call was made to London and then to Bolton. It demanded that Jones be dealt with.

He was summoned to the employment exchange and sternly rebuked.

In official jargon he was told that, by withholding the shilling for postal fees, he was not properly maintaining his wife and children, and was therefore failing to satisfy the statutory conditions for the payment of benefit to his dependants.

* * *

Jones explained his difficulties. He had to spend a shilling with the post office and his wife had consented to the arrangement. The officials were not impressed.

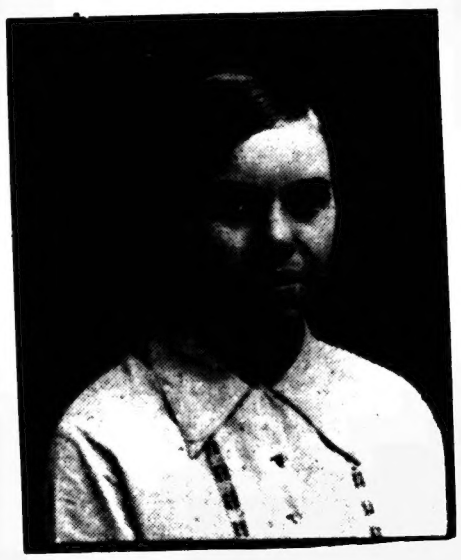
Then Jones offered to send on the shilling that had been deducted. But even that did not appease the official anger.

When next Jones went to draw his unemployment pay, he was refused the 16s. for his wife and children. His protests were ignored.

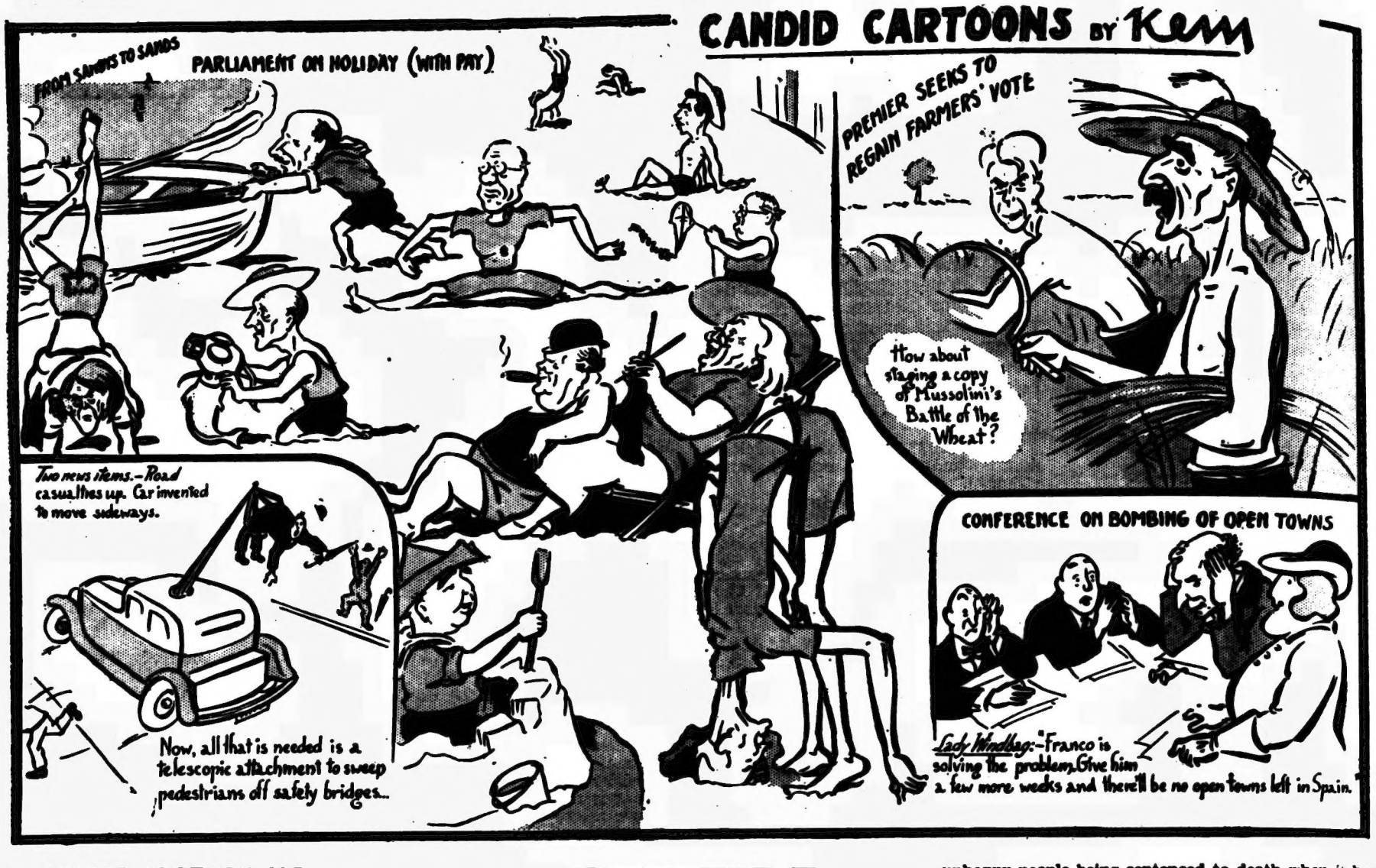
That was fourteen weeks ago.

It has been the same every week since. The decision stands.

So Mrs. Jones and her children are starving, because the State owes them money.



Mrs. R. Jones


CANDID CARTOONS BY Kem
FROM SANDS TO SANDS
PARLIAMENT ON HOLIDAY (WITH PAY)
PREMIER SEEKS TO REGAIN FARMERS' VOTE
How about staging a copy of Mussolini's Battle of the Wheat?
Two news items.—Road casualties up. Car invented to move sideways.
Now, all that is needed is a telescopic attachment to sweep pedestrians off safety bridges...
CONFERENCE ON BOMBING OF OPEN TOWNS
Lady Windlbag:—"Franco is solving the problem. Give him a few more weeks and there'll be no open towns left in Spain."

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. ROBERT BOOTHBY, M.P.,
Pall Mall, London, S.W.

DEAR MR. BOOTHBY,—Not much good, as you say, making laws to provide bathrooms in rural houses if there is no water supply.

And the Government admits it is not making a water supply compulsory.

As one cynical M.P. remarks, the bath is probably intended as a vegetable store.

I can furnish quite a lot of examples of official-dom's habit of putting the cart before the horse. But none so donkeyish as this one!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON,
London's Champion

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—Don't be browbeaten. All London kinemagoers will back you.

It is indefensible that while they are queueing up for cheap seats the number of such seats is reduced with the idea of forcing them to pay more.

I hope the trade will play fair by not opposing your new regulations.

And I wish you had power to stop a similar but crueller practice—the raising of vegetable and fruit prices by 2d. or 3d. a pound on the housewife's busiest shopping day—Saturday!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. LOUIS KAUFMAN,
Westminster

DEAR SIR,—Yours has been a long resistance, and none can doubt your strength. But even Hercules had his weak spot.

At the age of fifty-seven, and despite the fact that you founded the Bachelors' Union and obtained hundreds of members, you are getting married.

Your excuse for the delay is that twenty years ago a man never knew whether his bride would be able to cook.

It's a wise proverb that cold pudding kills love; but so is the one that informs you that unless you love you never live. Therefore, let me wish you a happy start in life at the age of fifty-seven.—JOHN BULL.

Miss FRANCES FLEMING,
Palmer's Green, London

DEAR MADAM,—The Home Secretary appears to think he has severed the ugly head of race hatred in Britain. Perhaps he would not be so complacent if he saw the paint smeared on your shop window and the words "Jew Shop" painted on the pavement.

It hardly matters that you are not a Jewess. What concerns us all is the filthy, cowardly intolerance being fostered in our great cities.

The insult to you, the display of a swastika and an anti-Jewish warning on a golf links—these are merely the latest of a whole series of significant incidents.

A pity the police do not seem able to catch the perpetrators and land them in jail for a few months!—JOHN BULL.

Telegrams

Rt. Hon. M. MACDONALD: Useless sending second Royal Commission to Palestine. Prove you've got mind by making it up quickly. Only definite policy can ease ugly situation in Unholy Land.—JOHN BULL.

C. W. BUSSEY, Electrical Trades Union: Agree nationalisation only cure for electricity ramp and muddle. But fear Whitehall has ear of vested interests.—JOHN BULL.

Sir RAYMOND UNWIN: Welcome your appeal for garden cities. But suggest you address it to authorities developing council housing estates.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Rev. FRANK PARTRIDGE,
Bishop of Portsmouth

MY LORD,—No bishop, it has been said, should go to football matches because of football pools.

You'd rather have football matches and open-air life with pools than no matches at all.

This will grieve those of your fellow prelates who cannot see the wood for the trees and whose muddled thinking is emptying the churches.

But if your frankness shocks them into silence you'll do them a good turn by saving them from merited contempt.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. CLAUD MULLINS,
London Stipendiary

DEAR MR. MULLINS,—Ask me another. I can't profess to tell how much longer the hideous farce of the black cap is to be tolerated.

Public conscience has for years been sickened by unhappy people being sentenced to death when it has been certain that they would be reprieved.

In this matter, as in others, the law lags behind enlightened opinion. What a barbarous, sadistic, infamous law it is!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Large quantities of British gunpowder are being exported to Germany. An extra steamer, making three in all, has had to be engaged for this traffic.

Oh yes, the gunpowder is sold "for industrial purposes." But what's to prevent it from being converted to military uses?

I suggest you remove the guncotton from your eyes and make a few enquiries.—JOHN BULL.

The LADIES,
Birmingham

DEAR LADIES,—Some of you want to fit fig leaves to the two twelve-foot statues of a naked man that have been erected as part of the city's centenary decorations.

I'm too wily to take part in the controversy. But I'm wondering why so much fuss is made about the human figure and so little about the real indecency so often vaunted on the music-hall stage and in other forms of popular entertainment.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. H. BENNETT,
Bennett College, Sheffield

DEAR MR. BENNETT,—In striking contrast to the apathy of many local authorities is your patriotic gesture in offering a free course of A.R.P. instruction to police and firemen, air raid wardens, works foremen and other responsible persons.

Not only do I admire your generosity, but I am pleased so many hundreds of people have already enrolled for the course. So much the better for Britain if you are deluged with applications!—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN SIMON,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Your quickness both amazes and delights me.

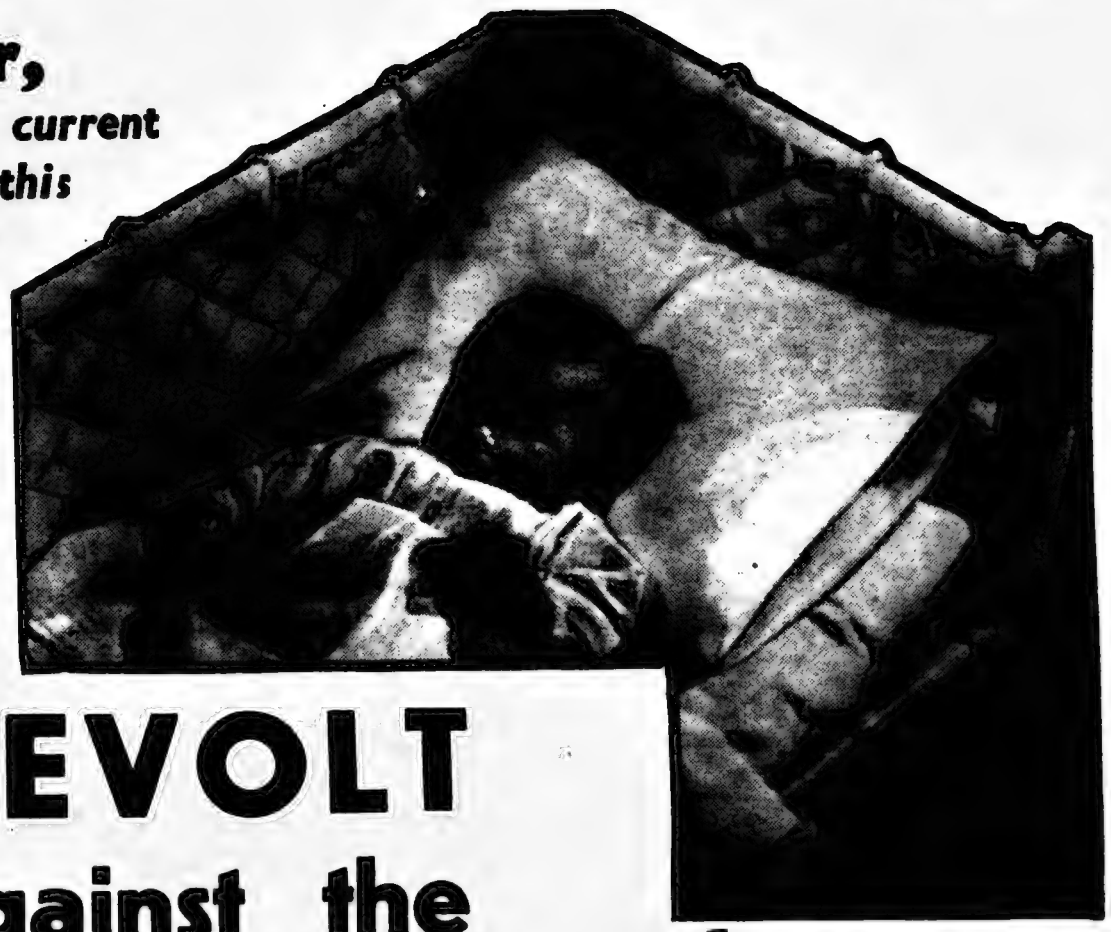
Last week I attacked the scandal of denying income-tax relief to people compelled by the Means Test gradgrinds to maintain workless parents.

Promptly you accepted an amendment to the Finance Bill which will end this wicked anomaly.

Keep on like this and I'll cheer myself hoarse.—JOHN BULL.

A. G. Gardiner,

wisest of commentators on current affairs, turns his searchlight this week on the grave problem of the falling birth-rate



Unless the birth-rate fall is stopped the baby in its cot will be a rarity in most homes . . .

REVOLT against the CRADLE

IN the House of Lords a few days ago, the Bishop of Winchester asked the Government to appoint a committee to enquire into the question of family allowances.

Politely, but firmly, the request was refused.

That decision was based largely on the fact that trade union opinion is hostile to the proposal, but the excuse seems to me wholly inadequate.

Whatever difference of views there may be on the subject, there can be no doubt about the urgency of such an enquiry. For the subject goes to the very roots of our national existence. It touches both the quantity and the quality of the general life of the nation.

Take the question of quantity first.

We, in common with most civilised countries, are threatened with a declining birth-rate. All the authorities are agreed on that.

One of the most cautious estimates, that of Professor Carr Saunders, the Director of the School of Economics, predicts that, if present tendencies persist, our population will have fallen from 45,000,000 to 32,000,000 by 1976 and to below 20,000,000 by the end of a century.

BUT there is every reason to fear that "the present tendency" will be speeded up.

One expert, Dr. Enid Charles, conceives the possibility that in a hundred years the whole population of this country may be equal only to half the population of Greater London to-day.

A moment's reflection will show that, on either of these calculations, our days as a world power are numbered.

We shall have reverted to the status of a pastoral people in a land strewn with the empty shells of what were once great and thriving cities.

And the menace of depopulation does not apply to this country alone. The whole English-speaking family is threatened with barrenness in the Dominions as much as at home, in America as much as in either.

Meanwhile, the fertility of the yellow man and the brown man is unabated.

Japan still adds a million a year to its overcrowded population and with the suppression of the famines and plagues in India the over-population of that country is becoming an acute problem.

The reasons for the widespread revolt against the cradle are many.

They range from the breakdown of the discipline of religion to the popularisation of contraception, and from the fear of war that overshadows the earth to the motor-car and the multitude of distractions that modern life puts in competition with the trials of child-bearing.

But that much of it is due to economic causes is undoubted.

A higher standard of life is demanded than that which was tolerated a generation or two ago, and, since that standard is inconsistent with the maintenance of a large or even a moderate family, a check is put upon the latter.

I DO not wish to overstate this economic factor. The empty cradle is at least as common a phenomenon among the rich as among the middle classes and the working classes.

A doctor who has gone into the subject says that a hundred families worth £100,000 apiece mentioned in "Who's Who" have an average of only two children, which is, of course, below the reproduction level.

But among the mass of the people birth control is often an economic necessity.

"Poverty to-day," says Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, "is primarily a question of the size of the family."

And the recent investigation in Bristol showed that 52 per cent. of the families with more than three children were living below the British Medical Association's minimum needs standard. That puts the case in a nutshell.

If more children are desirable, parents must be in a position to maintain them. And they must be able to maintain them while in work.

At present, as the Bishop of Winchester reminded the House of Lords, poorly paid men with large families receive more money in unemployment assistance when out of work than they receive in wages when employed. Could folly go further?

So much for the "quantity" aspect of the matter. Hardly less important is the "quality" aspect.

If we regard the question, as we must, from the point of view of national efficiency, vigorous children are as necessary as numerous children. It is this fact that is behind the great "fitness" crusade that is now being preached up and down the country.

BUT the key to "fitness" is in the larder.

And while such figures as those of the Bristol survey are possible, the fitness campaign is largely defeated in the home.

This brings us back to the subject of family allowances.

It is argued in some quarters that women to-day cannot be induced to have children by such an expedient. This is not borne out by the case of Germany.

That country, too, is under the menace of depopulation. Five years ago the slump in births was catastrophic. They fell from 1,800,000 in pre-war years to 971,000—that is, by half.

Hitler therefore introduced the "dowry system."

It provides that every girl who holds a job will be granted a loan up to £80 if she marries and relinquishes her job.

Part of the loan is paid in cash, but most in notes enabling the couple to buy household goods, etc.

After the birth of the first child the loan is substantially reduced. If within ten years there are four children the loan is written off.

To date 774,120 babies have been born to couples who started wedded life on the "dowry system," and births in Germany have risen from 971,000 in 1933 to 1,275,000 in 1937.

There have been other factors besides the "dowry" at work no doubt, but it will hardly be denied that the system has been productive.

The figures are still short of replacement, but they bring it near the mark. We are 25 per cent. below.

IT is not suggested that we should adopt this system. What is generally advocated is something like the scheme which certain firms—Tootal Broadhursts, and Pilkingtons, for example—have adopted voluntarily.

In the Tootal case, employees who earn up to £6 a week receive 5s. a week for each child in excess of three.

There are alternative proposals. In France and Belgium allowances for families are paid out of a pool to which firms contribute in proportion to their wages bill or the number of workers employed.

Mr. L. S. Amery, who has been conspicuous in his advocacy of family allowances, favours a levy on employers, employed and the State, much as in the case of health and unemployment insurance.

In the debate in the Lords, Lord Samuel suggested that a beginning should be made by giving family allowances to State and municipal employees.

What seems indisputable is the urgency of an enquiry at which all the various schemes could be examined, and at which the objections of the T.U.C.—which is naturally concerned that whatever is done should not be prejudicial to the union's standard rates—could be considered.

Such an enquiry should not take long. Mr. Rowntree thinks the Committee could report in three months.

Parliament should press for action in this great matter without delay.

Just a Human Story

A Window was My World

SO a man has girdled the globe in four days. I hope he learned a lot.

The probabilities are that he didn't.

When I was an active man and got about a great deal I was all too unappreciative about the finer things of life.

I was too busy to live.

Recently, however, I have been really seeing the world.

Two years abed — indoors — as a chronic invalid, followed by six months in a spinal chair, has done that for me.

A bedroom window framed my whole world when my illness began.

In that frame just a roof-top, a tree and a patch of green grass.

But birds nested in that roof for me. They flew home with bits of straw and cotton. I saw them bring their mates!

I saw mother birds fly out for food for their babies; saw the young peep out and prepare for their first flight.

This was going on among teeming millions of human families. Strange that I had been blind to it all when I was strong enough to get about.

The tree was a messenger, telling me all about the changing seasons in poetry of its own.

And as for that patch of grass, children came to play there. Their laughter was my laughter.

Friends brought me fruit.

I was now really seeing my friends for the first time. Before I had been too busy.

They pushed me out of doors in a spinal carriage.

I began to study people.

There was the little girl who always danced along. Why did she dance? Would she finish up as a dancer?

Lovers went by. Do you know, Mr. Hale-and-Active, that you miss a lot of the beautiful things of life if you don't notice sweethearts?

The good-tempered and the witty went by. They made me feel very happy.

The snarlers, too. And I felt sad.

Now my parents and doctor have taught me how to walk again.

One day I might be able to go round the world in four days.

I'm not bothering.

I have a feeling I wouldn't see much.

Reader John Bilcliff.

All over Britain they're taking up the *30-Second Breakfast*

. . . They're saving time, work, money by eating this delicious, extra-sustaining breakfast that takes only half a minute to serve

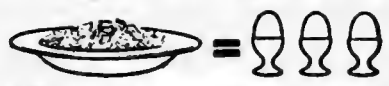
IT'S sweeping the country — this marvellous discovery of a delicious breakfast that takes only 30 seconds to serve.

Everyone says Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the best they've ever tasted. They're so much fresher and crisper. And there's a special inner "Waxtite" wrapper to keep them crisp to the last mouthful. Sustaining, too. Actually a plateful of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs.

Serve Kellogg's — the 30-second breakfast — tomorrow morning. See how much time it saves you! And your family will love Kellogg's! At your grocer's, 5½d. a packet.

Scientific Proof

of the great energy-giving power of the "30-SECOND BREAKFAST"



An analysis made at a leading dietetic laboratory shows that a bowlful of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs. That is why workers find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

FINE FEATHERS! Here you see Miss Wareing, dressmaker of Preston, fitting a small client. "I can't work on a heavy breakfast," Miss Wareing says: "That's why I always have Kellogg's. And they're so crisp — far nicer than any other cereal I've ever tasted."

UP AND DOING! Miss Rose Dodd, domestic help, of Herne Hill, London, gets her mother's breakfast and her own every morning before she goes to work. She says: "The 30-second breakfast saves me time and trouble. It means I can have a good breakfast with no worry or rushing. I save money on it, too — the big packet lasts so long."

EARLY BIRD! It's the early bird that catches the trade in the fruit business. "Thanks to my 30-second breakfast of Kellogg's I'm always on time," says Mr. Simpson, of Busby, Glasgow. "I like them better, too — they're so crisp and tasty. And ask my mother about Kellogg's! She says they save her no end of time and trouble."

The *Art* of SPENDING *Wisely*

EVERYONE is faced with particular problems, but one of paramount importance to the average housewife is that of running the home easily, happily and economically. Science and invention have brought into every home the use of many labour-saving appliances. Newly developed products are constantly being advertised—ready to help you save money and improve your standard of living. A new piece of furniture, a new carpet, something better in the way of radio—any or all can work wonders in adding to the charms of the home. But spending money is much more than paying out. The business of securing the utmost value is truly one of the modern arts—yet, to an extent, one which all can accomplish. Read advertisements! Buy advertised goods!

Whatever your need for the family or the home, furniture or household necessities, efficient heating or lighting, or even something that will give immediate relief from pain, advertisements tell you at a glance how and where your requirements can be met at the keenest possible prices.

The advertisements in JOHN BULL are a reliable guide to the attractive offers made by some of the largest and foremost manufacturers. They *must* be, since whether the advertisements be those of a store offering a variety of bargains, or those referring to everyday commodities, in many instances household words, the continued business of the advertiser depends on his goods being of good value and always certain to give the purchaser satisfaction.

The fact that goods are advertised is in itself an indication that their standards of quality are strictly maintained, that they represent honest value.

It must be remembered that a manufacturer brands his product with a distinguishing name, and advertises and sells them under that name because he has unlimited confidence in his goods. With his eyes open he is making it easy for any dissatisfied purchaser to avoid buying his particular make of article a second time. Thus it would be sheer commercial insanity to brand and advertise goods that nobody would buy twice.

Of course, only reliable firms are allowed to advertise in JOHN BULL, and readers need never hesitate to respond to them, for they are all of proved value. Particular care is taken to ensure that no reader suffers in loss or disappointment through any of the goods purchased through JOHN BULL. That is why the JOHN BULL Guarantee appears in every issue. Your safeguard. You can therefore place your fullest trust in goods advertised in JOHN BULL.

A famous millionaire once said, "Any fool can make money, but wise spending calls for brains above the average." He meant, in effect, that a wise man spends only when he knows he will get value for his money—a very sound principle.

One very certain way to ensure getting good value is to buy advertised goods, and readers who buy goods advertised in JOHN BULL will spend their money wisely. The JOHN BULL Guarantee appears on page 35.

Richard Owen, home after two years in the Palestine Police, here describes life in the Empire's worst storm-centre.

"Someone yelled 'charge' and we were in the thick of it!"

PALESTINE P.C.

WHIZZ-CLANG! A two-pound stone struck my small round shield.

My arm felt suddenly numb. That one would certainly have been a knock-out.

Before our thin line of police, stretched across a Jaffa square, swelled a mob of Arabs, yelling wildly, brandishing iron bars and cudgels.

It was only a month ago that I set out from England to become a policeman in Palestine—and here I am, with a dozen or so fellow recruits, in the thick of the year's worst riot.

Hard to believe. . . . But the showers of stones falling round me are real enough.

In my left hand I am holding a small iron shield, no bigger than a dustbin lid. In my right, a long pick-handle.

I look a bit like an old-time gladiator. And feel it.

Someone yells "Charge!" and we all go forward at the double, adding hearty British curses to yells of defiance in Arabic.

"Life is Tough"

Then for five exciting, dangerous minutes we realise what the Crown Agents meant when, just before we sailed, they told us: "Mind you, life out there is tough."

Our attitude, then, implied we could take it. And here we are—not taking it, but "dishing it out."

*

Day by day the little war in Palestine goes on, with its casualties to police, troops and civilians.

What's it all really like out there?

Recently ex-Inspector-General Spicer painted a very glowing picture of life with the Palestine Police.

We were romantic, like the men of Canada's Mounties, doing dangerous and splendid work.

Looking back on two years of it, I begin to feel that there is something to be said for that view.

Baton Charge

But out there, until recently, there was little of that feeling; rather a sense of futility, the feeling that we weren't getting anywhere.

Twenty of us, all recruits, arrived at Mount Scopus, the police training camp at Jerusalem.

We were given two days to find our feet, and then began that arduous training we'd read about in the Crown Agent's pamphlets—rifle and pistol shooting, law, Arabic, ju-jitsu, and the rest.

But we got little of that. We were just in time for Nebi Musa, or the feast of Moses, the annual Mohammedan pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

In less than a week we were out on the streets, doing a real job of police work.

Seven thrilling days.

Fanatical crowds, gaping tourists, and a baton charge which had only one casualty, a bearded Sheikh, who was clipped over the head.

Then back to the police camp to renew our training. But a fortnight later the Jaffa riots began, and we were issued hurriedly with shields, pick-handles and helmets.

Angry Mob

After a bouncing, terrifying ride in police tenders we reached Jaffa, which, after two days of rioting, looked as if there had been an earthquake.

We jumped down outside the Central Police Barracks in a large square, swarming with a mob of infuriated Arabs, and joined a line of local police, British and Palestinian, who faced them.

An order to charge, and we were suddenly in the thick of it, fighting for our lives.

Just as suddenly it ended, with a few dozen casualties to the rioters and five or six of our own—two rather serious.

After this, we rushed away to another part of the town where three Jewish houses were blazing. We became amateur firemen.

That was Jaffa for three days. Fire-fighting, baton-charging, and every sort of duty day and night.

Fifteen, sometimes eighteen, hours a day of it. Bombs, rifle shots and volleys of stones.

Yet after those three short days it seemed the normal way of life.

Then back again to Jerusalem. But still no training.

Jerusalem was much like Jaffa, but not so exciting.

For two months we patrolled the city in police tenders.

A baton charge now and again. A few café brawls. Fires that had to be put out with an impossible water supply every hour of the day and night. Mostly at night.

We knew nothing of law, ju-jitsu, or pistol shooting. They had not been necessary so far.

But the Crown Agents might have put something about fire-fighting in their pamphlets. Perhaps it doesn't sound romantic.

By then the disorder was spread throughout Palestine, and we were transferred to various stations.

Some of us went to Tulkarm, an Arab town in the north with an unsavoury reputation.

Our quarters were an old Turkish fort, a combination of police billet and police station.

Mostly we were on night guard at the railway station with a platoon of Seaforth Highlanders.

Night Raids

Two attacks were made by Arab gangs on the station during these night patrols. The Highlanders used their Lewis and machine guns, the police their rifles.

Poor Arab shooting and no casualties—on our side, anyhow—but exciting while it lasted.

After six weeks I was transferred to Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee. Then almost immediately came another transfer to a Jewish colony called Migdal, or Magdala, farther along the shore.

I was in charge—the only British policeman there.

My forces totalled six supernumerary Jewish policemen, dressed in ill-fitting khaki uniform and armed with rifles.

Three nights passed quietly, and then early one morning we were attacked. Rifles started chattering in the near-by hills, and bullets whined about us as we rushed out into the darkness.

Just an hour of promiscuous shooting, with no casualties, and it was over.

But a day or two later there was another attack—a serious one.

Two platoons of soldiers, on night patrol in lorries and armoured cars, came to our help half-way through.

It was their first time under fire, and they made the most of it.

Rifles and machine-guns clattered for an hour or more. White Verey lights burst like rockets above the rocks. The one and only main street hummed with bullets.

The raiders caught it badly, but carried off their casualties when the attack ceased.

Two months of colony life, and I was back again in Tiberias, where an epidemic of bombs and rioting had broken out.

Under Fire

Eight or ten hours' duty a day in the stifling alleyways, sitting, with rifles across our knees, on chairs provided by café owners—waiting for the next bomb to go off.

We had to sit and wait, because the moment we left a place something happened.

Next, I was sent to Affula, a large and ragged Jewish settlement on the plains below Nazareth.

Affula police have a large area to control, containing some bad Arab villages, and one or two isolated Jewish colonies always in need of help.

Into Action

One of these, Mesha, lies at the foot of Mount Tabor, and Arab gangs attacked it regularly—principally to steal cattle and sheep.

It was mid-afternoon when the call came through, and we rushed a tender to the station, collected a Lewis gun, Verey light pistols, a thousand rounds of ammunition, and rifles.

We reached Mesha in less than half an hour, and the Jews cheered as we bumped through the rutted main street to the hills behind.

There ten or fifteen supernumerary police were holding off a gang of about twenty Arabs with wild but heavy volleys of rifle fire.

For an hour nobody was hit; then our Lewis-gunner got one of them. The Jews cheered as he fell.

Another went down some minutes later, and we advanced into the valley, driving the gang back.

As we reached the first wounded Arab—the other had been carried off—two of the Jewish policemen were thumping him with their rifle butts.

They tried to make him talk. Where was his rifle? Where did he come from?

The Arab, bearded and tough-looking, began to mumble passages from the Koran. The Jews dragged him up the hillside, jubilant. They'd got one of the accursed raiders at last!

"Foreign Legion"

He was dead when we reached the colony. The inhabitants crowded round our tender.

One or two spat on the body. Others came and shook our hands. "Wonderful fellows, the British police!"

Coming from a Palestine Jew, that was quite a compliment.

So it went on—patrols, ambushes, fights in the hills.

Yet, looking back after two years of it, I realise I wouldn't have missed my spell with the Palestine Police for a gold clock.

The Force is really Britain's "Foreign Legion"—half the men are from English public schools—and its casualty list is higher than any other in the Colonies.

But it gives you adventure—and that's hard to find these days.

Selo's the film for you, faster, surer and British. Even dull-day snaps come out bright with Selo films, clear-cut and detailed. You can catch the full brilliance of sun on sea and sand, the depth of shadow and a bright and lively atmosphere in your Selo pictures. So here's the catchword for you when you're buying: don't say film, say Selo—for snaps' sake!

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A '*plus*' dog never shows you up by scratching

"WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT IN HIS HEALTH"

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WHEN YOUR DOG SCRATCHES in company it is very embarrassing for you. But it is sheer agony for him. Continual scratching shows that he is suffering from an intense irritation under his skin, caused by impurities in his blood. In warm weather these impurities are aggravated, and more serious blood disorders, such as loss of coat, bare patches and even eczema may quickly follow.

Your dog cannot rid himself of blood impurities by perspiring, because there are *no pores in his skin.* Nature's way to keep him in condition is to provide blood correctives among certain wild grasses. But these are beyond your dog's reach, and in their place you should provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which contain the natural blood correctives he needs.

'PLUS' DOGS NEVER SCRATCH

Because his blood is kept pure by Bob Martin's Condition Powders, a 'plus' dog never scratches, never has a shabby coat. These famous Powders prevent and cure all the common blood disorders such as scratching, listlessness, sour breath, loss of appetite, loose coat and eczema. The result of regular Bob Martin's is that dogs enjoy a life of constant health and happiness.

MAKE YOUR DOG A 'PLUS' DOG

Begin now to give your dog his 'one Bob Martin's once a day'. In a very short time he'll reach a wonderful new level of fitness. He'll be a finer, friendlier companion — with better health, better coat, better spirits. He'll be a 'plus' dog.

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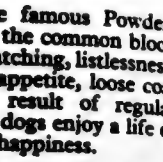

All dogs are subject to overheating on warm days. If your dog is out of condition, this sudden overheating will aggravate the impurities which have collected in his blood. Before you can act he may go down with one or other of the blood disorders so many dogs suffer in Summer. Prevent hot weather risks! Put your dog right *now* with a course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders (full directions in every packet), and then *keep* him a 'plus' dog with 'one Bob Martin's once a day.' In packets 6d. and 1/-, from all chemists and dog-food shops.

to keep dogs fit the *'plus'* dog way

Bob Martin's

is the rule to-day

Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier

The Riddle of "Box Bush" Cottage

A LONELY cottage in Somerset, valuable machinery rushed there from London, mysterious night trips in a powerful Delage car, the sudden flight of a man and woman who had agreed to buy the cottage—and later the discovery of curious letters in an old cupboard.

It reads like the outline of an Edgar Wallace "thriller," but it is all part of a real-life puzzle which centres round the sleepy village of Keinton-Mandeville.

The strange couple, who gave their names as Mr. and Mrs. John Malcolm Petrie, arrived at the sleepy village in the early morning at the end of March.

From that moment until they vanished about a month ago, their actions spun themselves into a chain of riddles.

The fact that they left owing hotel bills and other debts in the neighbourhood seems to be the least important feature of the whole affair.

More remarkable is the abandoned machinery, which must have cost about £1,000 when new, and which was to be erected in a workshop at the cottage, and the letters found in a cupboard.

Some were written partly in French and English. There were strange phrases which seemed to have a hidden meaning, and a hint about "trouble which will have to be faced."

Something happened suddenly to interfere with the plans of the Petries. These letters were left behind in their hurried flight.

They were so anxious to secure possession of the cottage that they travelled to Yeovil, nearest large town, by an early morning newspaper train.

Special permission to do so was obtained from the stationmaster at Waterloo, London. That was on March 30.

The cottage, named "Box Bush," is isolated in three acres of ground at the far end of the village of Keinton-Mandeville.

THERE are three bedrooms, a box-room, kitchen and scullery, a lounge and dining-room and a large workshop.

The husband of the owner, Mrs. Cabble, used it for his undertaking business before Mrs. Cabble recently took over "The Three Old Castles" Hotel in the village.

Mr. Petrie said the cottage was just what he wanted for research work he was carrying out for the Government.

C. L. Petrie. She signed the deposit cheque

Below: "Box Bush" Cottage

A price of £675 was agreed and a cheque for £67, signed "C. L. Petrie," was given to the estate agents acting for Mrs. Cabble.

Purchase was to be completed by April 21, but the Petries were anxious to be installed as quickly as possible.

Machinery would have to be erected and other structural alterations made, they explained. So Mrs. Cabble was persuaded to hand over the keys at once.

Arrangements were made for "their man" Williams to stay at the hotel.

He told everyone that his nickname was "Snowy," and that his chief job would be to guard the machinery which would arrive at the cottage shortly.

A few days later the machinery arrived in a large lorry. The driver and a man with him said they had travelled through the night from London.

There were expensive lathes, dynamos, belting, special lighting apparatus, and a great assortment of small gadgets.

Everything was dumped in the workshop.

From then on "Snowy" Williams spent most of his time at the cottage watching over the machinery.

Sometimes, in the hotel bar at night, villagers tried to find out from him what was happening at the cottage, but he would talk about almost anything else but that.

SHORTLY after the arrival of the machinery, the Petries arrived at the hotel in a Delage car.

They could not be accommodated, however, and for the next few weeks they stayed at various hotels in neighbouring towns and villages.

Most days they left in the car and frequently returned in the early hours of the morning.

Sometimes they said they had been to London, but on other occasions they spoke of important and confidential business to which they had to attend elsewhere.

One morning the woman climbed on to the porch of the front door of the White Hart Hotel, at Somerton, and entered through the open window of her bedroom.

They had not been expected back, and when the proprietor was wakened, she asked if the yard doors could be opened so that Mr. Petrie could put the car away.

Mrs. Cabble, owner of the cottage, heard of these strange night trips. Already she had begun to be disturbed.

Though the Petries talked airily about owning twelve racehorses, no further move had been made to complete the purchase of the cottage.

MRS. CABBLE, therefore, obtained possession of the keys from "Snowy" Williams and locked up the cottage, including the workshop where the machinery was.

This brought the Petries along in their fast car. They tried by various means to regain the keys.

First Petrie turned on his charm, then he threatened and talked impressively about vital Government work being held up.

Mrs. Cabble was firm.

Meanwhile a local contractor had prepared an estimate for considerable structural alterations to the interior of the cottage, and the local electricity company had installed a power supply for working the machinery.

Petrie had also taken out a fire insurance policy. All this was before the doors of the cottage were locked.

In a final effort to regain possession a cheque for the balance of the purchase money was offered.

Mrs. Cabble insisted that the negotiations should be completed through her agents and the deeds transferred in the regular way.

Then "Snowy" Williams suddenly left for London one night, and about a week later the Petries vanished.

Since then the proprietor of the last hotel where they stayed has been trying to find them because a cheque has been returned dishonoured.

A firm has also been enquiring about the Delage car.

At some of the other hotels cheques for larger amounts than the bills were given and proprietors handed over the balance in cash!

What is behind all this strange business in a quiet, isolated country cottage? And who is this John Malcolm Petrie?

Unless we are greatly mistaken, a much fuller story will be told at an early date

New Aliens "Round-up"

SHARE-PUSHERS are planning a new invasion of Britain.

The police have recently found in this country a number of aliens who have notorious records in swindling share transactions. None of them had any right to be in the country, and some had been banned by Home Office orders.

Alarmed by this discovery, Sir Philip Game, Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, has ordered a new and intensive survey of all aliens about whom there is the slightest doubt.

Detectives from the Special Branch at Scotland Yard are visiting as many as fifty foreigners in a single day.

Many have produced Canadian passports which on investigation have proved to be false.

Increasing numbers of faked passports are traced to this source.

One glaring case was brought to light by pure chance.

A detective who has a keen memory for faces noticed a man arriving at Victoria Station, London, by a boat-train. He had a lot of luggage.

The detective felt sure he remembered the man's face, and spoke to him, but he answered all questions quite calmly.

His Canadian passport, made out in the name of Frank Kaftel, appeared all right. It represented him as an American who had acquired Canadian nationality.

Still the detective had doubts and he asked the man to accompany him to Cannon Row police station. There it was established that Kaftel is an agent of a share-pushing organisation which has fleeced many people over here.

He first came to England in February, 1937. As he was a visitor, he did not have to register as an alien.

Within the time allowed for his visit he left by air for Paris. In a few days he was back, and was soon busy with criminals known to be engaged in share-pushing.

From one woman who knew him as "John Simon," and to whom he promised marriage, he took £4,000.

He is now at Brixton awaiting deportation.

The police are rounding up all the Kaftels they can trace, but beware of all "get-rich-quick" share offers which may be dangled before you.

Public Benefactor

Mr. Percy E. B. Thompson, of 9, Moorfield Drive, Baildon, near Shipley, Yorks, has been awarded the £1 1s. this week for alertness in spotting an interesting item of news concerning a man I have exposed.

Racing Ramp Again

Clifford Moore bound over to keep the peace after he was alleged to have threatened a works manager.

George A. Fearndale asking for further time to pay his rates at Otley.

THIS is the latest news about two of the men behind the dry-cleaning ramp in Yorkshire which I exposed.

Both are now associated with Lloyds (Dyers and Cleaners), Ltd., of Old Mills, Yeadon, near Leeds.

The manager whom Moore was accused of threatening was employed at these mills. Moore, it was stated, is organising manager.

Lloyds are still advertising for branch managers to invest capital.

I strongly warn everyone against accepting their offers.

Many people who invested money in other companies with which Moore was connected lost every penny.

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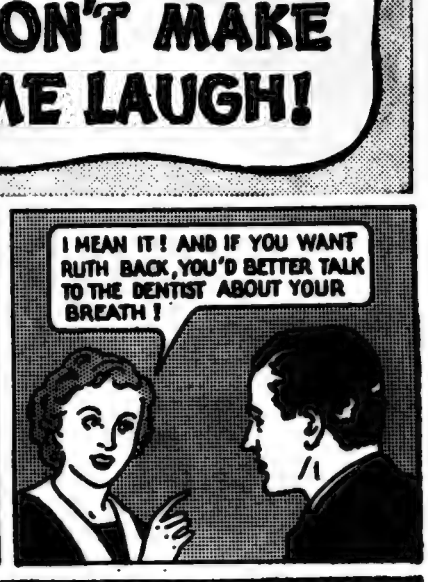

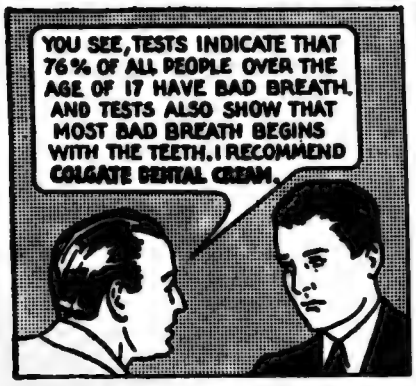
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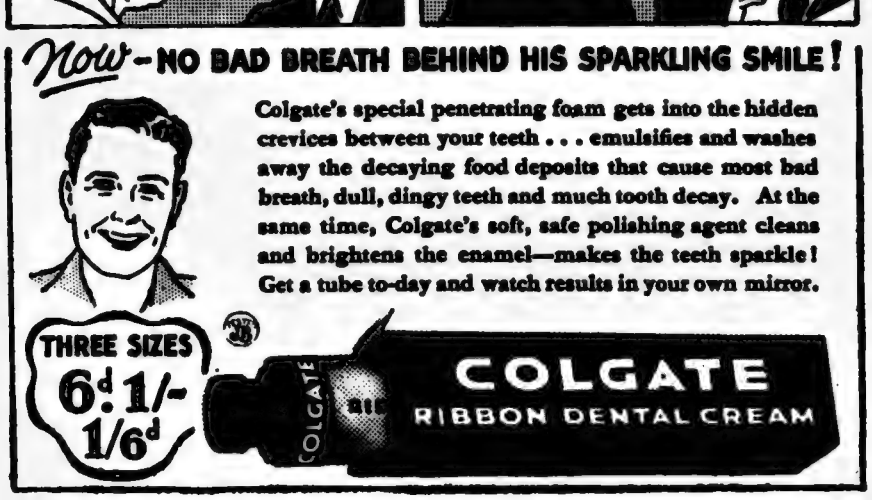
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CATARRH sufferers: Don't overlook the Allan Cooper offer on page 33. Fill in the free coupon, which will bring you particulars, without cost or obligation, of how you can rid yourself of catarrh and its kindred ailments, under special guarantee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BOOK TO BUY is the HOSPITAL GUIDE, price THREEPENCE; a compendium of information for family use, invalids and social workers, containing particulars of 130 hospitals and auxiliary services and interesting articles. Save Time, Worry and Expense. Order at once from Bookstall.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

£150 for snapshots of dogs. Don't overlook the "Karswood" offer on page 30.

ACCEPT this free offer of a sample of a famous Dentifrice. Simply send 1d. postcard to Odol (Dept. J.B.21), Norwich.

FREE Cash Prizes. £35 in prizes are offered by the proprietors of Diploma Cheese for the best last line to the Limerick on page 27. Read the conditions carefully and send in your entry now Don't delay—you may forget.

SUFFERERS from hair troubles can obtain a testing packet of Kotalko, the hair grower, and a tablet of Kotalko soap on receipt of 3d. and the coupon completed on page 31.

START the family on Puffed Wheat to-morrow. No trouble to prepare—you serve it straight from the packet. Three separate wrappings keep these rich, ripe grains of wheat always crisp and crunchy. See page 24.

ACCEPT this free offer. A sample tube of Euthymol Toothpaste will be sent to all readers who write to Dept. 67, 112, Euthymol, 80, Beak Street, London, W.1. Ensure Dental Hygiene by writing for this free trial tube now. See p. 30.

ACCEPT this free double offer. You can get a trial bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic and also a Vaseline Soapless Shampoo if you write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. J.B.11, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. Simply enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage. Send at once for this perfect combination to improve your hair.

MAKE this health-giving drink yourself at home! Every reader who sends the coupon on page 28, with their name and address, mentioning *John Bull*, to Newball & Mason, Ltd. Nottingham, will receive sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast to make one gal. of Mason's Botanic Beer. Enclose 4d. for postage, etc.

FREE.—The makers of Robin Starch have published an interesting little booklet, "A Little Bird Told Me." It tells you how easy and economical starching can be. It is offered free to all *John Bull* readers. Every housewife ought to have a copy. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 610, Hull.

GIVE your dog Bob Martin's Condition Powders. They will prevent and cure all common blood disorders, such as scratching, listlessness, sour breath, loss of appetite, loose coat and eczema. The result of regular Bob Martin's is that dogs enjoy a life of constant health and happiness. See page 14.

HOUSEWIVES, get this free book, "The Complete Guide to Home Cooking." It contains recipes for all different kinds of pastry and how to make them into delicious pies and tarts. Simply fill in your name and address in the coupon in the Stork advert. on page 23 and a copy of this free book will be sent to you by return.

NAIL BITING.—Free booklet sent privately for 1½d. stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

Continuing Sir Wyndham Childs' Dossier

Pavlova Memorial Sensation

FROM an office in Berners Street, London, W., a scheme is being prepared to raise funds for a memorial statue in Regent's Park to Pavlova, the great Russian dancer.

Behind it is Henry Lucien Shine, master creator of grandiose schemes for obtaining public subscriptions. He is already busily appointing agents to collect money on a liberal commission basis. Six shillings in the £ is his usual rate.

This is not his only venture in the realms of ballet. I have a leaflet headed "The Imperial Institute of Russian Ballet."

Mr. Shine's name does not actually appear. Just "The Secretary," but that is Mr. Shine all right.

Preservation of the true art of the Russian Ballet is given as the lofty aim of this new organisation.

It will, the leaflet states, perpetuate the method of teaching established by M. Nicholas Legat, "who created Pavlova and Nijinsky."

People are asked to enrol as life members at a cost of £5 5s. or give a donation, cheques to be sent to "The Secretary," at 7, Park Lane, W.

Mr. Shine, I find, sought the support of a relative of the Queen.

He painted a glowing picture of his idea and mentioned that Princess Andrew of Russia had been asked to give her patronage. Other important names were mentioned and the Queen's kinswoman said she was interested.

She happens to have an office in Park Lane and Mr. Shine asked her if he might have letters addressed there temporarily, and she agreed.

She was amazed to find that Mr. Shine had printed the leaflet I have received bearing her Park Lane office address in heavy type as the headquarters of the Institute.

Further enquiries were disquieting and she told Mr. Shine that he must not use her address.

It is not the first time, by any means, that he has used the names of famous people in this way without proper authority.

He started soon after the war when his name was Schein.

Once he started a big movement to unite the women of the Empire.

When he used the name of a big hospital in another scheme he eventually handed over the princely sum of £25.

His own remuneration and all kinds of expenses had whisked away the rest.

Only last year he organised a matinee at a London theatre in aid of his "Friends of China" fund.

Various artists of note first knew they were to appear when they saw their names on the bills! After a visit from the police he abandoned the matinee.

About the same time he ran a "Balloon Competition," but again the police took action, and warned Mr. Shine that he was running a lottery.

I warn people against sending a penny to this man.

Mr. Shine wants to build a memorial to Pavlova, greatest of all ballerinas. So he says!

15s. Profit on Your Life

"IS your life worth £1?" asks Mr. L. Snazelle, of Richmonds and Co. (Surrey), Ltd., of Red Lion Street, Richmond, Surrey.

The question is emblazoned on the literature he is preparing to exploit a gas proofing outfit which "will make you and your family safe against air raids."

Whatever your life may be worth to you, Mr. Snazelle apparently thinks he can make 15s. profit on it.

In a letter to a man whom he asked to introduce someone willing to invest £500 in the business, he says:

"The outfit will be priced at £1, but will cost only about 5s. When we get going on the mail order side there should be sacks of replies.

"Also it might be a good scheme to put out 20 or 30 travellers on the road selling the equipment on commission at so much down and the balance weekly—sort of tally business."

Having looked at the description of the outfit, I should say that even 5s. is a very liberal estimate of its value.

Just another of the disgraceful attempts being made by the unscrupulous to batten on air raid precautions.

Once again I cannot warn readers too strongly not to buy any equipment, or part with any money, before consulting the A.R.P. officer who is now accessible in every town and parish hall throughout the country.

Hounded After Death

MR. H. J. HERBERT, of Automatic Salesmen, Ltd., described by Mr. Justice MacKinnon as not having the most elementary sense of honesty and decency, cannot even leave people alone when they die.

He is now pursuing the relatives of a dead man who was foolish enough to enter into business with him.

In a letter I have before me, Mr. Herbert expresses his regret at hearing of the death of the father of a man who wrote to him, but adds: "We have no alternative but to hold his estate responsible."

I have read hundreds of letters signed by Mr. Herbert, and he has never found any alternative to extracting his pound of flesh.

My contempt for him cannot be expressed in printable words, and I think by now he knows it!

HE WANTS TO WATCH LOCH NESS!

TALES of the Loch Ness Monster are as good as any other jokes of the kind, but when someone proposes that the public should subscribe £1,500 to photograph it, the whole thing assumes a very different aspect.

Captain D. J. Munro, retired from the Royal Navy, who is flying kites round this proposition, is quite frank in stating that those who buy shilling shares in his company must not expect any dividend!

But he adds: "At the same time, if good shots are obtained by the cameras . . . there may be sufficient to recoup the subscribers for the outlay, and perhaps something more."

In a brochure he has circulated he says it has been suggested to him that the one shilling shares for the proposed limited liability company should be available in blocks of five, ten, twenty and so on.

People are asked to write and tell him how many shares they would be prepared to take up, but not to send any money to him yet.

Quite seriously, Captain Munro, who has had a very distinguished career, states:

"It is obvious that a large creature of some sort has its home in the Loch . . . its size and shape, as seen by hundreds of people, denote a large body with flippers, projections or humps from one to six in number, a long neck and small head, able to travel fast, making a considerable wash as it moves along." Three fixed stations, with observers and instruments always ready for action, will, he claims, be the only possible means of securing satisfactory results which will stand investigation.

Before appealing for financial aid from the public, the Captain tried to persuade various scientific bodies to make an investigation, but, with one exception, all refused.

The one organisation which said it was interested and would follow his efforts is notorious for linking itself with anything that will provide publicity.

A joke is a joke, but £1,500 is a large sum of money, and I could suggest many more sensible ways of using it.

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

I AM receiving letters from all over the country about various ramps which still seem to flourish in spite of repeated warnings.

Most often the victims are poor people who can ill afford to lose the money.

Among those who are busiest are men who watch death notices, rush to the relatives and offer a gravestone at reduced rates.

Sometimes they disappear after receiving a deposit, and even if the stone is delivered, after long delay, it proves to be cheap and tawdry.

These Rogues are Tuning Up—

THEN there is the piano tuning trick.

Representatives of certain firms call and offer to do the tuning at two or three shillings below the usual rate.

Once in the house they insist that the piano needs overhauling.

Generally moths are blamed for the *supposed* damage, and the charge for repairs varies between £6 and £9!

And These are Talking Fast—

SILK stockings are used for another swindle. It is a very old one, but it is widespread.

Glib-tongued men and women convince housewives that they are receiving pure silk stockings at a bargain price of a few shillings a pair.

They are just rubbish, not worth a quarter of the price.

But They All Want Your Cash—

FINALLY there are the rapidly growing betting systems.

Every day the flood of complaints increases. Many are from people who are wiser but much poorer after trying them. Others ask if I think a particular system is genuine.

I can only repeat what I have so often written. There is a snag in all these betting systems and offers of tips, and many of them are impudent money-snatching ramps.

So Think Hard Before You Pay

MY advice is also constantly being asked when betting tipsters allege that money promised to them has not been paid.

If the money is due, as a matter of honour it should be paid. If anyone feels it is not honourably due, I am advised that the contract could not be enforced in a court of law, because it relates to an illegal consideration—that is, betting.

Meet the "Jones" Family Now

PEOPLE living in hotels should be on their guard against a gang of crooks known to the police as "The Jones Family."

One, Lily, recently went to jail. She, with the father and mother, are members of an international gang.

They have made an art of getting into conversation with people and robbing them by sleight of hand. They also ransack hotel bedrooms.

HOW I SAVED 2/1d EVERY WEEK AND BECAME A MILLIONAIRE!

What he has done—YOU can do too!

A lesson EVERY young man should learn!

Money talks! And *you* can do exactly what this young man did; get 2/1 a week FREE — well over eight bob a month for nothing! It's money for jam! If you smoke 30 'ten-for-six-pennies' a day — most men do — you simply switch over to the new full-size, big, fat, cool, refreshing PLUS TWO cigarettes — every bit as big and as good as the best 'ten-for-sixpennies'—and TWO SHILLINGS AND ONE PENNY goes rattling into your money-box *regularly* every Saturday! Here's how it's done. You buy *cigarettes only* when you buy PLUS TWO'S, you don't pay for fancy frills and wrappings — and that's why you get TWO MORE full-size cigarettes for your tanner. When you open the big 11½d. packet, there's *four extra* full-size cigarettes waiting to be lit!

SAVE—yet get cigarettes every bit as big and as good—thanks to NO FRILL packing!

Remember — only a full-size cigarette can give you a *full-flavour* smoke.

We have lodged a sworn testimony with the Westminster Bank Ltd. — that only pure and unadulterated tobacco of the finest crops is used in PLUS TWO'S. So it's not a chance you're taking — it's a winner — a cert — a natural! Cash in on it; get your first packet of PLUS TWO'S and start piling up this terrific Cash Bonus saving—NOW!

When I was a factory hand it made me mad to see the toffs come round inspecting the work . . . I swore I'd get rich too.

'Money makes money!' I knew that all right — but how on earth could I get some money to *start* with? Then an advert. gave me an idea . . .

I saw at once how I could bank big savings every week — and still smoke the 30 full-size cigarettes that a working man needs every day.

That money changed my life — made me rich! With it I could afford to buy a good suit and improve my manners and education.

Soon I was in charge of a department — bossing 200 men — earning real big money, which I put back into the business.

Now I'm there — a millionaire — champagne for lunch — a racing stable — hundreds of famous friends. I wouldn't give a ha'penny for a cigar though. PLUS TWO are always good enough for me — and they're good enough for any real man too!

12 CIGARETTES FOR 6d

24 CIGARETTES FOR 11½d

6 CIGARETTES FOR 3d

ALSO CORK TIPPED—BLUE BOXES

Full size **PLUS TWO CIGARETTES**

Every bit as big and as good-packed without frills — save you MONEY!

500,000 people will face ruin if the Government does not end the GREAT EGG SCANDAL

Fifty Million Pounds in Danger

IF you have ever eaten an egg or owned a hen you ought to know that—

Half-a-million poultry keepers are facing disaster, and that every market town in the country is plastered with notices announcing the selling-up of people who have sunk their all in hen farms.

Here is an industry worth at least £50,000,000, employing directly and indirectly 750,000 people, being slowly starved to death by official cowardice and neglect.

Three years ago there were more than 60,000,000 fowls in the country. Now there are less than 50,000,000.

Home production has dropped from more than £30,000,000 to £25,000,000 despite increase in prices.

Foreign imports for the first quarter of this year were a record of 756,516,000 eggs in three months—not cheap eggs—just cheap enough to undercut the British producer and hasten his ruin.

The Government knows all about these facts; it admits it ought to do something, that the situation is serious.

But it does nothing.

As far back as January, 1935, a Government Commission, "The Egg and Poultry Reorganisation Commission," after sixteen months' work, made *urgent* recommendations in a 200-page report.

A further report emphasised this and made exhaustive proposals for a Marketing Scheme.

Nothing has been done. These Commissions cost much time and money. All to no purpose.

The industry's troubles are due to high cost of feeding stuffs—they rose 30 per cent. last year—unfair foreign imports, and disease.

Official estimates give losses from disease at £4,000,000 a year.

The first the Government says it cannot control; the second is a matter of marketing organisation and control which the Government has failed to achieve. The third, disease, reveals a scandalous story, which will be explained later.

Then there is a host of other serious injustices on the poultry keeper which the Government could remove and does not.

For example, any imported egg can be called "New-Laid," though it must, legally, have the word "imported" or its country of origin stamped on it as well.

This is misleading to purchasers and gives the foreign egg an unfair advantage.

ONE of the most flourishing "side-lines" in the egg importing business to-day is removing the marks of origin from the imported eggs with acid or other solvents.

Met men and women who have been employed on this work and nothing else for years.

Occasionally someone, usually a beginner at the game, is caught and fined a few pounds—about half one week's profit!

It is a mean fraud that deserves prison, but rarely gets it.

But there is a worse side of this story.

IF an English egg is put into cold store, even for a day, it must be marked "preserved," or "stored."

There is no such rule for foreign eggs. Our Government allows them to be sold as *new-laid* even if they have been in cold storage for six months or six years!

Foreign importers make full use of this.

When eggs are coming in a little too fast, and the price falls, they pop a few million eggs into cold storage.

This shortens the supply on the market, and prices rise. When they have risen sufficiently, out come the stored eggs to be sold as "New-Laid" at a handsome profit.

By a few weeks' storage recently these market gamblers made 2s. per 120, or 25 per cent. on the cost price.

Nobody benefits except the foreign importer. The English housewife pays, and the English poultry farmer sees his egg prices pushed up and down unexpectedly at odd intervals.

The foreign dealer-importer has, of course, the expense of storing—quite small. He also pays for *empty foreign egg-boxes with the current week's code mark on them.*

He buys these so that he can pack his cold-stored eggs into them and sell them to the shopkeeper as the current week's imported eggs.

He can do all this because nobody can tell a stored egg by the look of it, and the Government does not require his foreign stored eggs to be marked "stored."

But the most serious menace to the industry, next to rising food costs, is disease.

The Government stands condemned on this point more than any other.

Owing to the heavy losses from disease, a Government Technical Committee was set up to see what could be done.

This Committee travelled all over Great Britain—by rail, road, sea and air—visited farms, interviewed poultry keepers and experts, and finally reported a very serious state of affairs.

Twenty-five per cent. mortality is a common thing; whole farms are sometimes wiped out.

So the Committee made a strong report and prepared a drastic plan, to cost some £150,000 in the first year, to try to save some of the £4,000,000 a year that disease was costing the industry.

THAT was six months ago. Nearly every week some M.P. asks at question time: "What is the Minister of Agriculture going to do to save the poultry industry which is being ruined?"

But the answer is always vague: "The matter is being considered. . . ."

There is a very shameful reason for this.

When the Government got the disease report, and felt they ought to put its recommendations into effect, they had the idea that they ought to do something about the egg market situation and imports at the same time.

So they asked the National Poultry Council and the National Farmers' Union if they would agree to certain marketing regulations being put into the same Act of Parliament as the disease research and control proposals.

These marketing regulations would enable the Government to control imports.

Well, even "the trade," the importers and distributors, or dealers and gamblers, agreed to let the Government lump disease and marketing legislation together.

So at last everybody hoped something was being done.

Then, months later, came the awakening, when, a few days ago, Mr. W. S. Morrison, Minister for Agriculture, announced his poultry policy in the House of Commons.

A new Poultry Commission is to be set up to regulate the distribution of breeding stock, hatching eggs and day-old chicks, and will also be given power to regulate the marketing of eggs and dead poultry by the standardisation of grades

There will be a stock improvement scheme assisted by premiums from the Exchequer, and a research station for dealing with major disease problems.

Parliament will also provide loans for the establishment of co-operative egg packing stations.

But there will be no real restriction on the imports of foreign eggs—except a slight regulation to modify the extreme seasonal variations of supplies and prices.

WELL, there is something to be said for the first part of the scheme. If it is put into action right away.

But, when asked when he meant to introduce legislation, all Mr. Morrison answered was, "As soon as possible."

That's not good enough, Mr. Morrison, nor is your plan for saving the hens and leaving the farmers to save themselves.

You have got to get to work and fight those foreign egg-dumpers. And you've got to do it now!

For a £50,000,000 industry is swaying on the brink of ruin.

Friend in Need

BURGLARY in suburbia! It doesn't get into the headlines, but it is a real and growing menace.

Take this case in North London.

A householder came home and found the front-door had been levered open.

Jewellery that represented years of careful collecting—and many, many weeks of salary—had been stolen.

A heartbreaking discovery—until the householder realised what a friend he had in JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme.

When he received our cheque he wrote to us: "It has come as a godsend in my time of trouble."

It didn't cost him a penny—just a signature on a coupon such as you will find to-day on page 2.

Perhaps you wonder whether you would get that protection while away on your holiday.

Well, providing that you can show that you continue to buy the paper while holidaying anywhere in the British Isles, and that before going away you instructed your newsagent to resume delivery immediately on your return, you are fully protected.

Land, more land is the most urgent need of Britain's great defence programme. For there are factories and aerodromes to be built. And this national necessity will produce a body of "New Rich"—the Millionaires of the Empty Acres—who will reap their harvest from the—

Worst LAND MENACE of ALL!

OUT of the nation's most urgent need there has been born one of the most farcical and dangerous situations of our time.

We must be strong in the air, say our statesmen. But aeroplanes don't stay on drawing-boards or in the makers' sheds.

Nor, once made, do they stay in the air all the time. They need aerodromes, scores of them up and down the country. And aerodromes mean LAND.

We must speed up the rest of our defence machine, says the Government. More ships, shells, guns and bullets.

And all in double-quick time. Which means new factories to make them in. And new factories mean LAND.

We must build up the nation's physique, they say again. To succeed we must have more training grounds and gymnasia for the young, new playing fields for the children, thousands of them everywhere. And that, again, means LAND.

Recent replies to questions in the House of Commons, and facts gathered by JOHN BULL's investigators, have revealed that landowners are cashing-in on these national needs.

A good case to begin with is the recent purchase of land for Ringway Aerodrome in Cheshire.

Three properties, called Fir Tree Farm, Lode Hill and Grange Farm, and some adjoining property, with an area of about 636 acres, were bought for £53,300.

All of it was agricultural land and therefore derated. So the owners, though taking a handsome profit from the State, had contributed nothing to it by way of revenue.

All the enhanced value they obtained was created by the community's need.

★ What that enhanced value is you can gather from the demands of the owner of Grange Farm. He asked for £90,000, admitting at the same time that he bought the land six years ago for £8,000!

It is true that the arbitrator, after protracted negotiations, awarded him a mere £11,850—or about 50 per cent. profit on an investment which can have cost him little or nothing in the way of contribution to the State.

But the authorities concerned in the purchase at Ringway were luckier than most.

Land required by the Air Ministry for an aerodrome at Langton Ouse, in Yorkshire, has cost £32,000, the price fixed by an arbitrator.

It was derated agricultural land, but the owners, University College, Oxford, felt justified in claiming £43,626.

The Air Ministry had an independent valuation of £17,220, but that does not seem to have helped it much. It has had to pay nearly double.

For similar aerodrome land at Lytham, in Lancashire, £280 an acre is being paid. The owners will receive £46,760 for land from which there has not been a penny contributed to the local rates.

Bristol has been trying to get an aerodrome.

After being held to ransom for nearly two years, it has agreed to pay £150 an acre for land which in the local rate books was down as of "no value."

The Corporation cannot come to terms about the rest of the land it wants, and so is applying for compulsory arbitration.

Even the Air Ministry, with all its peremptory purchase powers, is paying an average of not less than £50 an acre for derated agricultural land.

To build up the nation's physique we must have training grounds, new playing fields for the children—thousands of them. And that means land—and land means money

★ The Government is being held at a pistol point by its own landowner friends.

Last November Lt.-Col. Muirhead, Under-Secretary for Air, disclosed the startling information that £1,225,000 has already been paid for about 26,000 acres needed for air-station expansion.

The latest figures have not yet been given, but by now must be double that amount.

Aerodromes, whether for civil or military purposes, have become the richest field for the landowners. The very urgency of the need gives the speculators a whip hand in their bargaining.

There are snags about all the "compulsory" powers for acquisition. A deadlock must go to arbitration, and that is a lengthy process.

It is doubtful, in any case, whether arbitration is much gain to the authorities.

The owner brings his expert witnesses, who put a value far beyond what he claims, or hopes to get, for the land.

Expert witnesses for the authorities set an amount far below.

So it all comes out to the same thing in the end. The arbitrator strikes a figure somewhere in between. And so the upshot of a solemn and expensive farce is that the owner or speculator gets the exorbitant price he demands.

A secondary racket has developed among certain speculators in aerodrome land which is only one degree below blackmail.

If they cannot cash in on the site itself, they buy up surrounding land while negotiations are proceeding—it is almost impossible to keep such matters a secret.

Then, as soon as the deal has gone through, boards go up on this surrounding land offering it for sale as cheap "factory sites," or for some other purpose involving high buildings.

★ This, of course, would render the aerodrome useless, and so the promoters then have to buy in this land at the speculator's own figure.

Because of this particular racket, aerodromes, scheduled to cost between £80,000 and £120,000, have eventually cost as much as £300,000, and have become useless as paying propositions.

There has already been a great outcry about the prodigious expenditure laid down in Air Estimates for land works and buildings on a hundred projected aerodromes.

In three years we will have spent

£70,000,000, or roughly £1,000 per head of the Air Force on such works.

At a recent conference in Leeds calling for more scrutiny of such expenses, it was pointed out that if we build 5,000 aeroplanes the cost of buildings alone, at the present rates, would work out at £20,000 per machine.

A very effective smoke screen has also been put round the land purchases of the other Service and defence departments.

Partly, perhaps, because such land is bought in smaller parcels than aerodrome sites, and it has been possible to keep the deals more secret and to evade Parliamentary scrutiny at question time.

But it is too much to expect that the War Office or some of Sir Thomas Inskip's departments are any cleverer than the Air Ministry and the local authorities in beating the landlord.

It has been stated that one department, faced with the immediate necessity of turning out large numbers of a certain device, could think of nothing better than to look up the old wartime records for the place in the West Country where a similar factory had been situated.

★ Then it sent buyers down. They found the land derelict and encumbered with the remains of several dead and gone factories which had occupied the site after the war.

Yet they bought it at a handsome figure, and were delighted to do so, because to acquire this property would save "book work" for the department, as the original working records still existed.

Only when they got back did further enquiries disclose that the property had been sold with others after the war for a third of the price they had given.

Again, who bumps up the cost of living, causes high rents and the slum problem, stops the provision of playing fields, hospitals and schools, and milks every public works scheme for his own profit?

In the last five years £8,000,000 has gone into the pockets of landowners for 35,000 acres of housing land acquired by local authorities outside London.

Nearly all this land is valueless according to the fiction of the De-rating Act, but as soon as it was wanted for houses it miraculously acquired a value of hundreds of pounds an acre.

Manchester undertook one of the greatest housing schemes in the country when its City Council acquired 3,780 acres at Wythenshawe.

Recently the Council wanted another 824 acres to finish off the estate. The owners of this land demanded £218,000, or about £264 an acre.

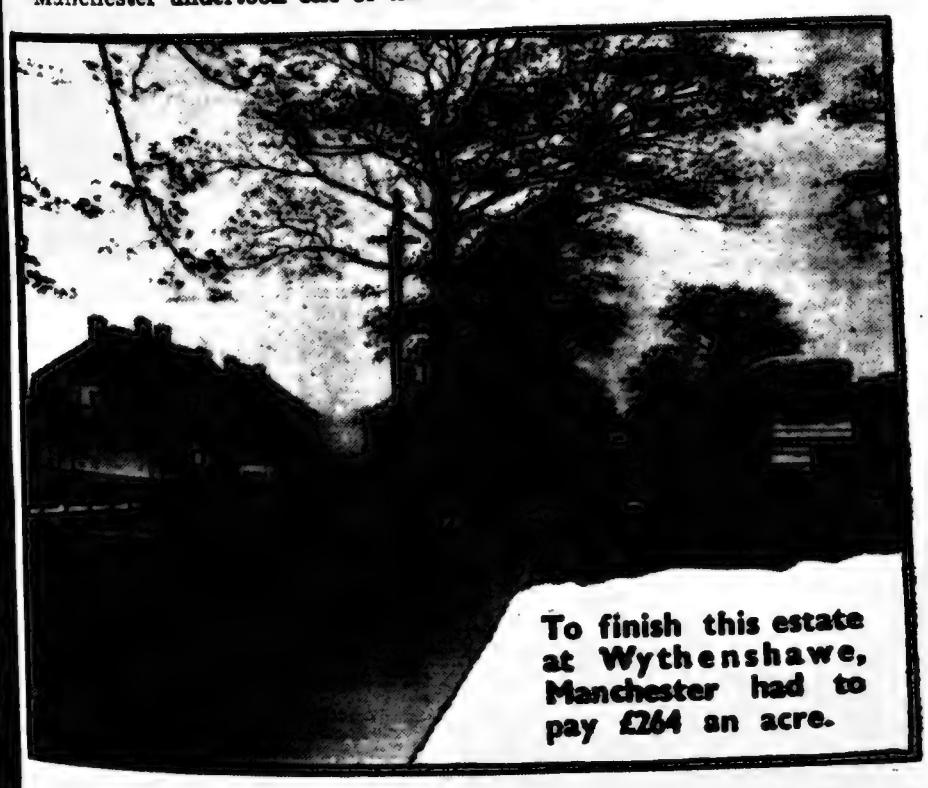
Yet the land had never paid a penny rates. Its enormously enhanced value had been created by the Council's own enterprise in the neighbourhood.

And yet in the end the ratepayers had to pay the extra price demanded. "The longer purchase is delayed, the greater will be the cost of acquisition," the Council had to admit ruefully.

★ Bristol wanted to extend its Southmead Hospital. It had to pay £11,500 for 24 acres of agricultural tax-exempt land, or £479 an acre.

The extension will hold 100 beds. So the owner of that land gets £115 for the site of each of those beds before a single brick is laid.

Fifty-three thousand pounds had to be spent before the wheels of this tractor could start turning at Ringway Aerodrome, Cheshire.



To finish this estate at Wythenshawe, Manchester had to pay £264 an acre.

Bristol has created other profit records by landowners.

One deal in Wine Street, according to the City Valuer's Department, actually worked out at £1,700,000 an acre.

It was the community's own efforts which had built up that extraordinary value. But the public got nothing out of it.

The air at Southampton Water is healthy, and the Middlesex County Council want to build a convalescent home there at Netley Castle.

It offered in the end £16,500—forty-eight times its net rateable value.

★ The Ministry of Health have been holding up the purchase. Meanwhile agents for the owner have stated that they have had a firm offer of £22,000 from "other clients."

Skipton and Westerham are not to have their parks and playing fields, National Fitness or no, because the price demanded by the owners is beyond all reason.

We have denounced the Green Belt racket around London before in JOHN BULL. But it grows apace.

Recently Mr. Frank Pick, Vice-Chairman of the London Passenger Transport Board, bluntly told a Royal Commission on the Location of Industry, "The amount of speculation which is now following the Green Belt is simply shocking."

It is following the tube railways, too, like every other development of public enterprise.

Near Gantshill Corner, where a new Tube station is being built, a small bungalow was put down in 1923 for about £900. It has just been sold for £10,500—for its site value.

We could give hundreds more examples of the way land profits are working to the country's detriment.

And we can only hope that the public's patience in putting up with the evil is as limited as our space to deal with it.

Now and then the Government gets a temporary "wind-up," as if it were wondering if the public would stand for being bled in so blatant a manner much longer.

And then it rushes out some half-hearted suggestion for a remedy.

Sir Kingsley Wood, when Minister of Health, suggested that local authorities would be allowed to budget for five years ahead on their public works plans; and that they could borrow now for land purchase, even if that land was not going to be required for some years.

He hoped by that to maintain secrecy and stop profiteering in such transactions.

The speculators must have smiled. For the scheme is already a failure.

It simply means that the speculator gets his whack now instead of having to wait two or three years for it.

There is only *one* remedy, one way to beat the growing land menace, and JOHN BULL has long been its advocate.

Put the Finance Act of 1931 back on the Statute Book.

That Act called for the valuation and rating of all land in the country. The first action of the National Government was to suspend its operation.

And then Baldwin, in spite of his promise, had the Act repealed.

Untold millions have flowed into the pockets of the landowners through the repealing of that measure.

But there is also an *immediate* step which can be taken to stop the landlords' raids on the Defence Budget.

Prohibit the *purchase* of land for aerodromes and War Department purposes. Such land should only be acquired by *rental*, on some such basis as the "fee farm rentals" which obtain in the North, and which permit the tenant to use the land as he wishes so long as he pays the rent.

At present under the "purchase" system the State loses for ever any hope of redress over an unfair deal.

★ The landowner just disappears with his profits. Under a "rents" system, however exorbitant a rent was demanded, the State has a future opportunity of applying for a revision, especially if it can show that the amount being paid is out of proportion to rents obtaining locally.

But we must never give up trying to get a National Land Valuation Scheme back on the Statute Book.

There is hardly a country in the world, nor any British colony, which has not a Land Valuation Scheme in force.

There is not a ratepayer or householder in this country who does not suffer from its absence here.

If all united in a demand for its return, the age of land plunder would be over and the benefits accruing from the land would return to the people who have made it.

First of a Great New Fiction Series

Aren't Folk Queer?

Mr Carroway's FAILURE

". . . Because the circus had been Percy's, Mr. Carroway carried on. At sixty he carries on still . . ."

By Will Scott

AT the age of forty-eight Mr. Carroway gave it up.

There was the shop that he loathed and detested; there were half a dozen books on the shelf in the sitting-room—books with the words "By J. Carroway" on their backs; in the bank there was £900.

Forty-eight, and that was *all*.

It was bad enough. But it was worse when he thought, as he so often did, that the £900 had come out of the shop and not out of the half a dozen books "By J. Carroway."

As the keeper of the general store in the Old Kent Road, Mr. Carroway had little better than managed to hold body and soul together.

As Mr. J. Carroway, the distinguished author, he had been, and realised it now, a complete failure.

He didn't know how he was going to tell the wife

"But you can't stop now. Your *next* may be a big success—a best-seller."

He could see just the way she would look at him. After all the castles they had built in the air together.

But, however he managed to put it, he'd have to say:

"Nothing about me will *ever* be a big success, my dear. I'm a failure. I've missed the boat. I'm forty-eight. I'm finished. It's up to the boy now."

Because she was the only one who had ever encouraged him. Everybody else had just laughed.

And now how they laughed!

It was funny, he thought, looking back, how he had always meant to be different, to be big, to stand out from the crowd, to be *the* Mr. Carroway.

Even as far back as forty-five years ago, when he was learning to fall about the gutters of Camberwell, there had been some sort of idea in his too-large family.

He wasn't like the others then. He didn't grow up like the others.

WHEN his brothers and sisters, like normal children, were breaking windows and chalking on doors, he was upstairs in the attic, *reading*.

He read everything about everything in those days. He knew more than it seemed possible to know. His family used to say that no good would come of it.

No, he had had no encouragement. A goldfish in a family of herrings is a bit distracting.

His family used to tell him to chuck his silly ideas and settle down to a steady job.

And when he told them about the villa at Streatham that he was going to live in and the Rolls-Royce that he was going to have when he Got On, they just looked at each other and sneered.

"How?" was all they said.

And *how* had been a goodish problem for a long time. How?

It was all right meaning to get out of the slum you were born in and make a big noise for yourself, but how?

You couldn't, just by wanting to, discover the North Pole. It meant money and ships.

You couldn't paint pictures like Rembrandt just because you felt so inclined. You had to be able to do it, and young Carroway wasn't.

So he took a job behind a counter in the Old Kent Road to be going on with, and went to night school three evenings a week

It was a strike and a girl that showed Mr. Carroway the way.

HE met the girl at the night school. He wrote a letter to the papers about the strike and she saw the letter and mentioned it.

So did his family. But the girl was nicer about it than his family, so before very long he married her.

Not because of that, but that's how it started.

Mr. Carroway about that time wrote a great number of letters to the papers. He'd got the idea that it wasn't much of a world and ought to be put right.

And then he got the idea that he knew how to put it right. That's what he used to write to the papers about.

The usual laughs from the family, of course. And "What did he think he was?" No pride in him because he was trying to climb higher. Better than trying to drag the family down. If you *could*.

There was a grandfather, he had heard, who had been a performer in a circus, though that was years ago. Yet all you got for your ambitions was a laugh from your own people.

But his wife was tremendously proud of him. From the very first she used to encourage him.

She said he ought to write a book, and he said it was an idea. And so it was. It was an idea that grew.

"The distinguished author, Mr. James Carroway. . . ."

YES, it *was* an idea. You didn't need money and ships for that. You just got on with it.

So Mr. Carroway got on with it and wrote a book.

And the general store in the Old Kent Road became merely a milestone on the road to the villa at Streatham, with the Rolls-Royce in its garage.

Mrs. Carroway never thought of herself as the grocer's wife, but as the wife of the distinguished author, Mr. James Carroway. He wasn't distinguished yet, but he was going to be.

They could wait. They were young.

Mr. Carroway wrote his book and in it put the world to rights, and the book was published and nobody took the slightest notice, not even the critics.

But that, of course, was only to be expected. He was a newcomer. He was only starting. He had his way to make. There was plenty of time.

Plenty of time. . . . Over twenty years ago, that was, and now there was scarcely any time at all.

Year after year, book after book.

And the milestone on the road to the villa at Streatham had become a whole row of milestones on the road to nowhere.

The shop that he loathed and detested kept them, and the books that were to have made him famous were dusty on the bookshelves, and not even *they* read them now.

The message he had had for mankind had turned out to be a damp squib.

The Mr. Carroway . . . A nobody.

Forty-eight. Forty-nine next, said Mr. Carroway, and wondered how he was going to tell the wife. And told her. And when she said nothing he knew what she meant.

"It's up to the boy now," said Mr. Carroway.

Which was all that was left. He had failed. If the boy could succeed it would be something.

Percy was nineteen and in an office. They had always hoped it would be Oxford, but that had depended on the thousands of people who were to have bought the books and never did.

SO it was an office, on the understanding that it was just for the time being, until somebody *did* buy the books.

But now all that was finished.

"We will have to have a talk with the boy," said Mr. Carroway. "Anything we can do to help him we must do. I've failed, but if I can help him to succeed . . ."

So they had a talk with the boy and the secret came out.

"You want to be a *what?*" said Mr. Carroway, amazed.

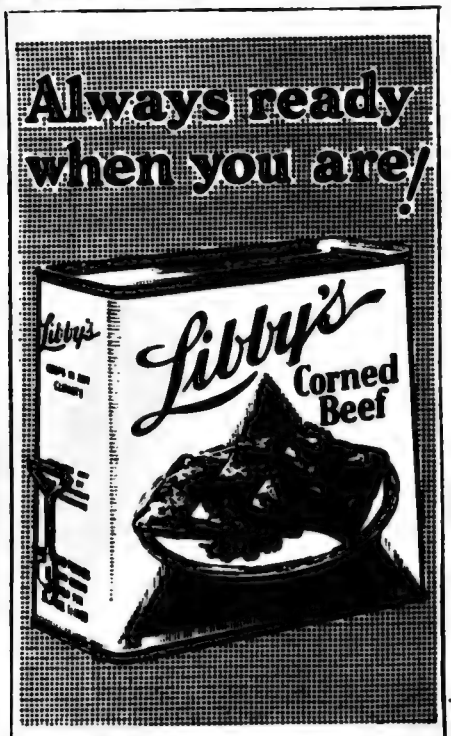
"Job in a circus," said Percy.

"A *circus?*"

"Yes."

"Do you mean for a living?"

(*Continued on page 24*)



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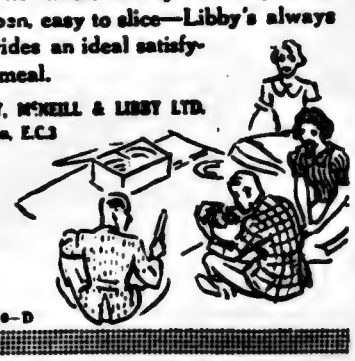

T.BB—10—D

"It is made from pure natural barley and lemons and contains no artificial essence whatsoever."—*Public Analyst's Report.*

Just add cold water

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22

The best pastry's made with Stork

THAT's flaky pastry made with Stork! Use it for your meat pies, for savoury sausage rolls and meat patties that melt in the mouth. Use the sweeter biscuit crust for party flans, jam tarts and mince pies. Stork makes wonderful short pastry too, so light you could almost blow it away! And puff pastry with just enough body to let the flavour be appreciated. You'll find the recipes for *all* these different kinds of pastry, and how to make them into delicious pies and tarts, in "The Complete Guide to Home Cooking," the invaluable Stork Cookery Book.
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Fill in your name and address and send this voucher to The Stork Co., Dept. Y. 12. Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4, in an unsealed ½d-stamped envelope.

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Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion ALL OVER!

Make your *whole* skin sparkle with the loveliness of youth. You can—with Palmolive! This famous beauty soap has an olive oil lather so wonderfully creamy it cannot harm a delicate skin. Yet it cleanses so thoroughly. Give yourself this beauty treatment with every bath.

"I love 'Puffed' Wheat 'cause it's specially good to eat"

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STAR OF 'REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM'
A 20th Century-Fox Production

THERE'S no breakfast in the world that Shirley Temple couldn't have. But there's nothing in the world she'd change for delicious "Puffed" Wheat. Three separate wrappings keep those rich, ripe grains of wheat always crisp and crunchy. No wonder Shirley loves them! So will you. Start the family on "Puffed" Wheat tomorrow. No breakfast was ever less trouble to prepare—you serve it straight from the packet!

SOLD ONLY IN PACKETS LIKE THIS

P. 162

Continuing

Mr. Carroway's Failure

"Yes."

"Do you mean *seriously?*"

"Yes," Percy answered. "There's money in it, if you can get hold of the ropes."

It took Mr. Carroway a minute or two for the idea to sink in. "It's a very queer thing," said Mr. Carroway, "a most peculiar idea. It isn't my notion of a career. I have tried all my life to be—— Well . . . However."

"I knew you'd say——" began Percy.

But Mr. Carroway interrupted with: "Just a minute, my boy. I'm out of the race, pretty well.

"I started my career without any encouragement from anybody. But you're not going to say that when you're forty-eight. I'm behind you. I've lost. It will be my ambition now to see you win."

"Thank you very much, Dad," said Percy. And left the office and joined a circus.

It was only a small job. It was only a small circus. But Percy was only starting. There was plenty of time.

His heart was in it and he worked. It always seemed to Mr. Carroway a ridiculous thing to work at.

WHEN he thought of his message and the days when he was going to be *the* Mr. Carroway, the distinguished author, and of the dignity that went with even the idea of it, Percy's career seemed a most tawdry business.

At first he could only say "Go ahead and good luck" in his letters and on the not-so-frequent occasions when they met.

But later on, when Percy was twenty-six and Mr. Carroway was going well down the hill from fifty, chance came to the boy and the boy came to his father.

"The boss is in a jam," he said. "For £500 I could buy a half-share. Later on, if I looked after things well, I am certain I could buy him out on my own.

"It's only a little circus, I know, but it's a start and I can't expect to start at the top. I wondered . . ." And then: "Of course, you hate the business, I know."

"That," said Mr. Carroway, "is nothing to do with it. It isn't the point. I want to see you make good.

"I want it more than anything in the world.

"I'm not made of money and £500 would be a pretty serious thing if I lost it; but it's yours because you are you, and I'm behind you."

AND that was how, in a room above the shop in the Old Kent Road, the idea of Carroway's Circus was born; although it was a year or two before Percy took over entirely and Carroway's Circus became a fact.

It was a modest enough beginning, but Carroway's Circus grew.

The boy worked and behind the success the old failure worked for him.

Advice and encouragement he gave whenever they were needed. He hated the circus, as, for so many years, he had hated shop, but he was proud of his son. Proud and in a queer little way jealous.

"I wanted to change the world with my pen," he said once to his wife. "To make it a better world just with the words I put on paper. And I failed—completely.

"I finished a nobody, as I started. And now Percy runs a circus! Performing horses and *clowns!* I wonder—if I hadn't failed would he have succeeded?"

And it seemed like the end of a story, the "happy-ever-after" story for Percy, until a telegram came one day and sent Mr. Carroway to a far-off village to be shown how the trapeze had snapped, to be told how it had all happened, to identify the body of his son . . .

And to inherit Carroway's Circus.

* * *

He was going to close the circus down there and then, but they told him it would throw twenty men out of work.

He left things for a week, until they could be sorted out. Then he gave up trying to sort them out.

Because the circus had been Percy's, but only because the circus had been Percy's, Mr. Carroway carried on. It was, at all events, a change from the detested shop.

He carries on still.

He has, at sixty, little to do but sit in the box-office and add up the money. The circus that Percy made was already becoming an institution when Percy died. Mr. Carroway does not work for it. It works for him.

YOU can see him any time you like, in his little gilt cubby-hole of a box-office, tall hat on one side, cigar alight.

But that isn't to say that Mr. Carroway can see you. Even when he looks straight at you.

It isn't at you he's looking, though he seems to be. It would be difficult to say what he *is* looking at sometimes.

Probably he's just thinking it over.

There are others about the circus, with no time for thinking it over. Men without tall hats and cigars, men on the ropes, men on the cages, carriers of water, nobodies. Sometimes they talk.

"Oh, well, we can't all be successes."

"You're right, there, mate."

"Been my ambition for years to run a circus of my own, but it won't ever come off now, I reckon. One of the also-rans, me."

"Well, we can't all be successes, like you said, old man."

"No. . . . He's got a fine villa at Streatham, I hear, and a Rolls. Though what *he* wants with 'em . . . I reckon some people are born to be successful and some aren't; that's what it is. Mustn't grumble, I suppose. Lucky to have a job at all."

"Ah! You're right there, mate."

Next Week:
"Gone Are the Days"

Just a Minute!

F		A	T

One letter only is needed for the blank space above to complete an apt Answer to the Clue, "HOUSE PAINTER TAKES PRIDE IN DECORATING ONE." *What letter would you use?*

It did not take you more than a minute to settle that little problem, did it? Now turn to page 38, find apt Answers to the rest of the Clues for this week's fascinating Crossword, and you may well win a Fortune, Trip to Empire Exhibition and Life Pension!

Not from the B.B.C.

Food for Thought

This is, as you have doubtless heard, a scientific age,
But I, for one, must hereby lodge objection
Lest Science's new notion should in time become the rage,
Viz.: meals by subcutaneous injection!

One Dr. Robert Elman, of St. Louis, makes the claim
That with a hypodermic he is able
To charge the blood with proteins; nor does he blush with shame
Thus to degrade the pleasures of the table!

Myself I'd fain go hungry ere I'd go upon a binge
Arranged by Dr. Elman; for no feed'll
Appease me that's injected with the aid of a syringe—
In fact, the very thought gives me the needle!

Getting the needle

NATURE has gone to the trouble of presenting Man with a mouth that can be employed in a variety of ways.

It can, for example, be used for shouting the odds, blowing the gaff, putting one's foot in, or swallowing one's pride or one's principles.

But surely the most worthy employment of which the human mouth is capable is that to which it is addicted when set in motion by the meal-time gong, whistle or shout.

★ If, however, Dr. Elman is encouraged to go ahead, the mouth, which for so long has borne the "eat" and burden of the day, will become an obsolete aperture, giving place to a syringe by means of which proteins, calories, vitamins and other odds and ends can be injected into the blood stream.

Well, if any of my fat-headed readers like this sort of thing, I hope they have a fine day for it.

But it certainly isn't my idea of progress to exchange a plateful of sausage and mash for a jab from a needle; the musical champing of jaws for the song of the squirt!

If learned scientists must fuss about our meals, let them confine themselves to harmless investigations like those carried out into the relationship of brains to breakfast.

★ This has led to the impressive discovery that after a "balanced" breakfast, featuring fruit juice, fish and eggs, Bloggs Minor was 7 per cent. better at arithmetic, while his efforts in English and poetry improved 1 and 11½ per cent. respectively.

Which suggests that it may be only a matter of providing Bloggs Minor with enough of whatever may prove to be the right food to make him the mental equal of a Shakespeare.

But why confine these experiments to the young?

The world is faced with a variety of problems which the adult brain seems incapable of solving; but stimulate our mental processes with fish and fruit juice and what might we not achieve!

Feed us aright and we may solve
Of problems quite a few.
I'm e'en prepared to come to grips
With one posed by Sir Stafford Cripps,
Namely what CAN *we do*
When of themselves esteemed M.P.s
Make fools—a feat performed with ease!

Y. Z.

Nothing like a really good meal to cheer the family up—"Every meal a good one" is the wise wife's maxim, and she carries it out with Pan Yan. This spicy appetiser makes all the difference in the world to cold meals, makes them the success of the week. Pan Yan is specially blended to stimulate the digestive organs, so it's a good recipe for family smiles, too. Good temper starts in the stomach!

PAN YAN—FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

Cadburys give you MORE for your money!

FIRST

CADBURYS REDUCE PRICES

NOW

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MILK FRUIT & NUT
PLAIN FRUIT & NUT

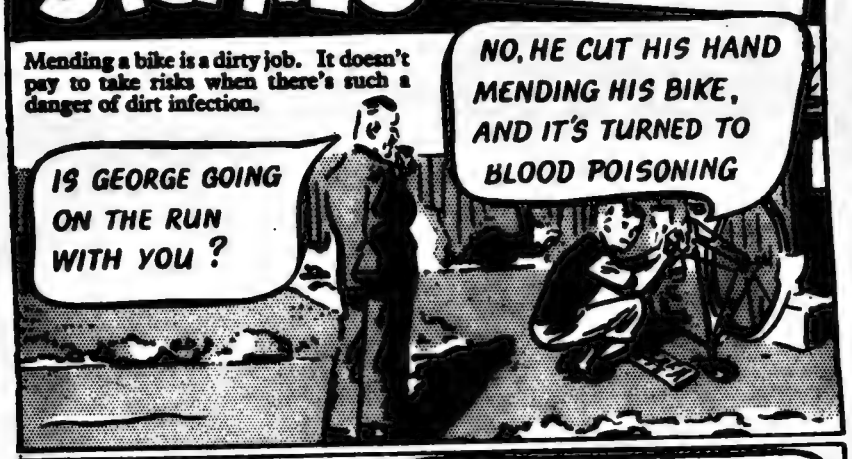
2oz 2D

Cadburys give you more *and more* for your money! Last month they brought prices down—now they give you *more chocolate* for the money. Dash off *now* and treat yourself to a 2d. block of Fruit & Nut—Milk or Plain. Thanks to Cadburys, you'll get every bit of TWO FULL OUNCES of delicious nourishment for your 2d. Do it *now*!

QUALITY GUARANTEED UNCHANGED

FAMILY STORIES

The Club's Weekly Run


Mending a bike is a dirty job. It doesn't pay to take risks when there's such a danger of dirt infection.
IS GEORGE GOING ON THE RUN WITH YOU?
NO, HE CUT HIS HAND MENDING HIS BIKE, AND IT'S TURNED TO BLOOD POISONING

IS IT A BAD CUT?
NO, IT'S ONLY A GRAZE, BUT I'M GOING TO WASH IT WITH FAMILY HEALTH. I'M NOT TAKING RISKS LIKE GEORGE!
But John knows how washing with Family Health leaves the wound thoroughly clean.

John never misses a run, just because he uses the simple safeguard against dirt infection—Family Health.
IT'S A PITY ABOUT GEORGE!
AH, HERE'S JOHN. HE WOULDN'T MISS A RUN!

There's a simple way to make cuts and scratches harmless—use Family Health regularly. Family Health's cleansing lather is your protection.

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6d per two tablet carton

KNIGHT'S

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

KH 32-364

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FIGHTING PILOTS IN THE MAKING

"Our training costs the country nearly £3,000 each"

BY RALPH MICHAELIS

THE tiny plane bucks and struggles like a live thing under my hand, as I hold it down in a dive.

Three hundred, 350—400—500 miles an hour registers the air speed indicator. Below me another machine flashes across my gun sight.

Fifty yards—twenty—ten—I press the gun control attached to the "joy" stick, and shave my opponent's tail by a hair's breadth, zoom up in a climbing turn, preparing to dive on him again.

Seeing me coming, he climbs away from me; trying to get between me and the sun to blind me as to his position; and I climb, too, to keep my height advantage.

He follows. Now he's under my tail, shooting holes in my fuselage.

I half roll out, nearly hitting his under-carriage as I turn under him; and give him another burst with my camera gun.

We circle and stunt and shoot at each other until the films in our guns give out.

Later on at the aerodrome we rush to the photographic hut to see our films when they're developed.

GOOD! I got a direct hit on him with my first burst; and the tell-tale clock faces on each of our films have registered the exact times to a split second at which we fired. There can be no argument as to who hit the other first.

My other shooting was not so hot; but there would have been no need for any further shooting in a real scrap—so that's all right.

We're scout pilots—knights of the air—the country's first line of defence. Our job is fighting—to seek the enemy and drive him out of the air.

It has taken us nearly a year to arrive at this stage of our training; and we have cost the country £3,000 each.

But you can teach a young man a lot for £3,000—and, in addition to fighting tactics, we can drop bombs when necessary (though they are no part of our normal equipment), fly "blind" by our instruments in a hooded cockpit, find our way by radio-telegraphic or radio-telephonic instructions from the ground, rig our own machines, tend our own engines, and adjust our own guns if need be.

We started off as officers on probation at one of the civilian training schools to which candidates for temporary commissions in the R.A.F. are allocated.

There we learnt to get our air legs on slow and stable "school" machines.

AFTER about six months we passed for a similar period to an advanced training school, where we learnt to fly 180 and 200 m.p.h. machines, finally graduating to the service machine which we should fly when we joined our squadrons.

At the advanced training-school we learnt, too, how to handle our radio-telephone and our guns. Within six months we were posted to our Service squadrons.

Now under the new "speed-up" there are few busier young men in the country than us pilots.

If you don't believe it, consider this sample of a typical week's work by a fighter pilot.

On Monday morning his first exercise is to climb to 15,000 feet, when he receives instructions from the ground by radio-telephony to intercept another machine over a certain point, the map reference of which is given to him.

When he finds his "enemy" he attacks him with his camera gun, and the scrap continues until he hears the orders of his Flight Commander on the ground five or ten miles away to break off and return home by the direction-finding method.

In the afternoon he takes part in the squadron's weekly manœuvres.

This probably consists in intercepting a neighbouring bomber squadron, and trying to prevent them from reaching their objective.

Once the machines are in the air, every order is transmitted by radio-telephony.

"Enemy raid approaching London, intercept over Dorking," 'phones the Squadron Commander from the control room at the aerodrome.

Having received this order, the Flight Commander switches his radio over to "send," and transmits his own orders to his flight.

They change direction, and a few minutes later one of the young pilots will pick up a speck in the sky. Turning his own machine in that direction, he will immediately inform the Flight Commander.

"Hullo, Red 1. Hullo, Red 1," he says, calling his Flight Commander (Red being the code sign of the Flight and 1 the Flight Commander). "Five enemy aircraft 9 o'clock below."

Nine o'clock, of course, is the conventional clock face method of indicating direction.

The Flight Commander flashes out his order—"Attack! Attack! Line astern. Go!"—and the machines close into formation.

The leader rams down the nose of his machine and hurtles on the "enemy" formation, followed by other members of his flight, each picking off an enemy machine and, after "shooting him up," climbing again to reform with his flight.

After attacking once or twice, the engagement is broken off, and the Flight Commander informs the control room of the result of the scrap.

"FIVE enemy aircraft engaged 18,000 feet over Dorking. Three E.A. destroyed, remainder broken up. Proceeding towards London. Am following to attack."

And so the manœuvre goes on until the flight is ordered, by radio-telephony, to return to the aerodrome to rearm and refuel.

On Tuesday the young pilot may have a height test, notching up his oxygen supply every 5,000 feet until he reaches 30,000 feet.

Wednesday morning sees him popping off his guns with live ammunition at a sleeve target that is being towed by another machine somewhere above the mud flats of the Wash.

On Wednesday afternoon he knocks off to play Rugger or some other game.

Thursday morning he may be sent up on his own to intercept a "raider," attacking methodically from several specified angles with his camera gun, and returning home by direction-finding.

In the afternoon he may be carrying out aerobatics with the rest of his flight, looping, spinning, rolling and reforming to various formations at the telephoned order of the Flight Commander.

On Friday he is off with another fighter to take on a two-seater fighter with camera guns.

On Saturday he may have to fly alone to a certain field indicated to him on his map, where he will drop a message to an infantry unit.

And so ends another week, a week of excitement and thrills that goes to make a fighting pilot.

"Greatest of These . . ."

MRS. COYNE'S husband, an ex-service man, is never able to hold a regular job, and they have two children to care for.

One, a daughter of eight, could be sent for a holiday in the country by the school officials, but she hasn't enough clothes.

In fact, the family is in such desperate straits that Mrs. Coyne has to wash the children's garments while they are in bed.

Everything of value has been pawned, and they owe nearly £5 for rent.

The family doctor says that Mrs. Coyne, who suffers from bronchitis, needs a rest and change of air.

Will readers help to give this family a fresh start and lift that burden of debt?

Donations should be earmarked "Coyne," and, just as donations to our General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Splitting HEADACHE

QUICKLY EASED BY

2 Tablets of Phensic

When weak invalids need relief from pain Doctors, Nurses and Specialists give Phensic on account of its amazing power and absolute safety. After 2 tablets of Phensic you'll feel fine, the torment disappeared, your mind refreshed. Keep Phensic at home always: 3d, 6d, 1/2, 3/- & 5/- from any chemist.

Also for NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM & NERVE PAINS

The Quick Reviver Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

The Wonderful Tablets that Drive out PAIN

HP SAUCE

for a contented digestion

H.P. Sauce not only sharpens your appetite but also keeps your digestion fit and happy. This delicious health-promoting sauce is good with everything—sweets excepted. Keep a bottle handy—always.

9d. PER BOTTLE
Picnic Size 3d.

HELPLESS WITH RHEUMATISM

"I was helpless, so I thought I would give your tablets a trial; they (Uraco Brand Tablets) have done me the world of good; what wonderful tablets they are."—S.J.K., Didcot. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Basnet Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-

CUT BY HER FRIENDS

HEAVENS, THERE'S THAT WOMAN FROM NEXT DOOR, OFF FOR A PICNIC, AND SHE SAID SHE HAD TO STAY IN WHEN I ASKED HER TO TEA. PEOPLE ALWAYS MAKE EXCUSES THESE DAYS. EVEN JOHN SEEMS TO FIND ME TOO DULL TO SPEND SATURDAY AFTERNOON WITH.
A LITTLE LATER BETTY'S MOTHER CALLED UNEXPECTEDLY
Anything the matter, dear? You look so tired and drawn. And where's John? Nothing wrong between you two?
No, no, Mother. Nothing, really!
BUT AT LAST BETTY BROKE DOWN
Oh, I'm so miserable, so lonely, Mother. Nobody cares two pins about me—not even John! Oh, if only I didn't feel so tired all the time
You poor child! Of course John loves you—we all do! But you can't expect people to like being with you when you're always tired and 'nervy.' Why don't you see a doctor?
AT THE DOCTOR'S
But doctor, I'm always tired, I even wake tired. It's making me so dull, so haggard
Hm, that's how Night Starvation affects a woman. You see, even at night you go on using up energy in heartbeats, breathing and other automatic actions. Unless energy is replaced during sleep, of course you wake tired, feel run-down, depressed. You need Horlicks
HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT FOR BETTY
ALL HER TIREDNESS AND NERVES DISAPPEARED
Gosh, you're looking sweet, Betty
A FEW WEEKS LATER
Hey! Betty, John, wait for us!
What a nuisance! I'd much rather be alone with you, darling
(THINKS) I'M SO HAPPY, AND IT'S ALL DUE TO HORLICKS

TAKE HORLICKS, a cupful regularly last thing at night. You'll wake refreshed. No more tiredness, no more 'nerves' and depression. You'll feel full of 'life' and vitality. Start with Horlicks tonight! Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

®HORLICKS guards against Night Starvation

The Handsome Pair

It's a waste of time my dear. You won't be able to do anything with those. I should throw them away.
Not me. Brasso never wastes any time. It's a wizard for quickness. Look at the polish I'm getting already!
Now, what about that for a handsome pair! I'm so glad I discovered them. Just what we needed, a spot of brightness!

BRASSO

THE QUALITY METAL POLISH

RECKITT AND SONS, LIMITED, HULL AND LONDON

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 35.

1ST PRIZE £15
SECOND £5
THIRD £3
FOURTH £2
TEN of £1 each

£35 IN PRIZES for DIPLOMA LIMERICKS

There was a young hiker called Jane,
Who walked miles and miles in the rain:
She was feeling all right
Till a cow came in sight

SOME RHYMES: *Abstain, again, attain, bane, chain, complain, constrain, contain, deign, detain, disdain, domain, drain, explain, entertain, feign, gain, humane, insane, lane, main, obtain, ordain, pain, plain, pertain, profane, refrain, regain, restrain, train, vain, vein, wane.*

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £15 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may be all on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition (Dept. 12), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.
Closing Date: July 25, 1938. Entries must reach us not later than Friday. A List of Winners will be sent to every competitor. 412a.

DIPLOMA The ENGLISH Crustless CHEESE

Cheddar or Cheshire 6d. box of 6 portions, 1/- box of 12

STOMACH PAINS
ARE DANGER SIGNALS

When your digestive organs are out of order, the simplest food often causes distress. Heartburn, acidity, flatulence torment you; worse still, your food doesn't nourish you and so you become an easy prey to illness. It stands to reason you cannot be strong and healthy unless your digestive organs—stomach, liver and bowels—are working properly.

Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup combines in concentrated form the medicinal virtues of more than ten different herbs, roots and barks which experience has shown have the power of restoring tone, efficiency and regularity to the digestive organs as no single drug or combination of drugs can do. The action of Mother Seigels is gentle, not drastic; it builds up, little by little, day by day, Nature's way, the only true way. All chemists have it at 1/3 and 3/-.

WHEN FEET SWELL

Those searing hot pains which shoot through your feet until they puff-up and won't go inside your shoes — they're caused by one thing — stale Foot Acid. This crippling condition of the feet begins in the skin-pores. Your feet have 3,000 pores to every square inch of skin — more than any other part of the body. When these get choked up, the waste acid piles up in the muscles. Your feet swell inside your shoes. They ache and burn. Corns and calluses form. You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering. The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. Radox supercharges the water with life-giving oxygen, which cleans out the clogged pores, lets the crippling acid get away. Oh, the relief! Muscles are soothed. Swelling goes down. Tired, burning, acid feet are eased and comforted. Every chemist sells Radox. 1/6 per ten ounce pink packet. 2/6 double quantity. Also in cubes 3 for 7½d.

RADOX 10 oz. Pink Packet **1/6**

TRY MY BREW FREE!

You'll enjoy it. Delicious, healthful, non-intoxicating. Costs less than 4d. per gallon. Easily made with **MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS.** 9d. per bottle from Grocers, Chemists, etc. (makes 6 gallons).

Good it's **MASON'S** BOTANIC BEER

FREE GALLON

To NEWBALL & MASON LTD., NOTTINGHAM.
Please send sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast to make one gallon of Mason's Botanic Beer, and name of nearest retailer. I enclose 4d. for postage etc. (Please cut out and pin to sheet of paper with name and address). Dept. B .....

Enjoy BETTER SMOKES

and be in pocket by rolling in "AG" PAPERS

THEY FIT ALL MACHINES

Miss RIGHT and Mr. WRONG

Find the right partner in life and you find a key to the door of happiness. Five readers are seeking that key, and below they tell "Humanist" of their troubles.

In her anxiety to be married does she "set the pace" until the young man feels he is being rushed into marriage? Is she too domineering, or does she give herself away? Those are questions the girl who can't keep a boy friend must answer

AT great sacrifice our daughter was well educated, and she has turned out a success, for she is now in a good Government appointment.

She joined the sports club and met there a man with whom she walked out for two years. He used to come to us for meals, and they seemed very happy. But suddenly he disappeared and has not been heard of since.

Then our girl met another man and they were friends for ten months. He also visited us, and apparently was very fond of her, but now he has told her that he doesn't intend to marry.

She has had two other young men with the same result.

Naturally she feels very sad about it all, and we, as parents, do not know what to advise her to do.

How can a decent girl know when a man has honourable intentions?

★ This girl apparently attracts young men—but she does not keep them. It may be her fault.

Is she too possessive, or domineering? Does she give herself away?

In her anxiety to be married does she 'set the pace" until the young man feels he is being rushed into a wedding?

Has she any complex or inhibitions? Has she strong views on such subjects as children, work after marriage, politics or religion?

These are questions that only those who know her can answer. But they are vital to the solving of the problem.

If these things do not apply to her, then the fault must lie with the young man. There are many men who are willing to be friends but nothing more.

Some are the non-marrying sort — others, for economic reasons, are afraid of marriage.

The girl has been unfortunate to meet so many of this type, and she naturally feels depressed by her experiences.

But she must not allow them to embitter her, for that will only "warn off" likely suitors.

My advice to her is to be natural and cheerful, and I hope that before long she will meet "Mr. Right."

"Humanist" wants to help you. Send your problem to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Letters sent to any other address cannot be dealt with.

Platonic Friend

MY wife is dead, and a few months ago I made friends with a married woman who has no children, and who finds no solace in her own home.

She is, to the best of my knowledge, highly moral in character, and although our friendship is entirely platonic, I have pointed out to her that we are embarking on an illicit association, owing to the fact that she is a married woman.

I have more than once suggested that we should not see each other, but she urges me to continue the friendship for her sake, and rather than hurt her I have agreed.

But am I right in keeping up the association?

★ Reading between the lines two things emerge. That woman's husband apparently knows nothing of this friendship.

And—platonic though it is—my correspondent sees the red light.

He has tried, without success, to break it off. He must now be firm.

He should say: "If your husband discovers our association from outsiders it may lead to serious trouble. I do not want to be a party to the breaking up of your home."

The only solution is for him to refuse to see this woman again, or for her to tell her husband so that the friendship can be enjoyed by the three of them.

Step Children

SIX months ago I met a widower of thirty-eight who has two children.

We are very much in love with each other, but his sister-in-law, who has kept house for him since his wife died, is opposed to him marrying again.

She says that his children will suffer, as stepmothers and stepchildren never agree. I love his children, and would do my utmost to make them happy.

I wonder if I should give up this man, or should he take a strong stand and tell his housekeeper she must go, so that we can get married?

★ That last question is for the man concerned to answer.

My correspondent does not tell me whether he has definitely offered her marriage.

If he has, it is up to him to deal with his relative housekeeper.

As things are, there will not be room for her and a wife in that home. And he must make up his mind which one he wants.

If he chooses my correspondent and she is prepared to shoulder the responsibility of caring for those children, I see no reason why the marriage should not be a happy one.

WITHIN a few weeks, I, a widow at twenty-six, am to marry my late husband's chum.

I like him, but cannot be really fond of him because he is so reserved.

He has never had a girl before, and although he knows all about my personal affairs, he refuses to discuss with me anything concerning his business.

I do not know what he earns or what preparations he is making for our home.

Do you think he ought to be so reserved when our marriage is so close at hand?

★ The secret of every happy marriage is perfect frankness between husband and wife.

This girl has told her young man all her personal affairs. And he should be open and candid about his position.

It might save much unhappiness later on. She should be told frankly what amount she will be allowed for housekeeping, and what arrangements have been made for the house and furnishing.

Her fiancé can have no good reasons for refusing this essential information.

And unless she is told, my correspondent should hesitate before marrying him.

Far better for her to withdraw at this late hour than risk a lifetime of misery.

Girls Snub Him

I GO often to dances, but every time I ask any girl if I may see her home the reply is always "No." I know I am not good looking, but neither have I a bad character, and it makes me feel there must be something wrong with me.

Now, at twenty-eight years of age, I am feeling very lonely and think it is time I settled down.

All I wish for is a decent, healthy girl, and it is not for want of looking that I haven't found her.

I am not afraid of mixing with people, and can fall in line with whatever company I happen to be in.

★ Someone may have given that young man a bad name. And a bad name, even though unmerited, is difficult to disprove.

There are two courses open to him.

He should find some other form of recreation. Let him take up tennis, or cycling, or join a social club where he could meet fresh people.

Or—has he a young man friend, a friend he knows well and whom he can trust? If so, he should have a frank talk with him.

The onlooker sees most of the game, and he could no doubt explain why these girls refuse his attentions.

Bank on this Holiday Tip

Here's a tip to ensure that your Bank Holiday week-end will be one of the happiest you've ever spent. Take SUMMER PIC away with you, and hours of superb entertainment are yours.

Contributors include many of your favourite short story writers, among them being Beverley Nichols, Sydney Horler, Mabel Constanduros and Lord Dunsany.

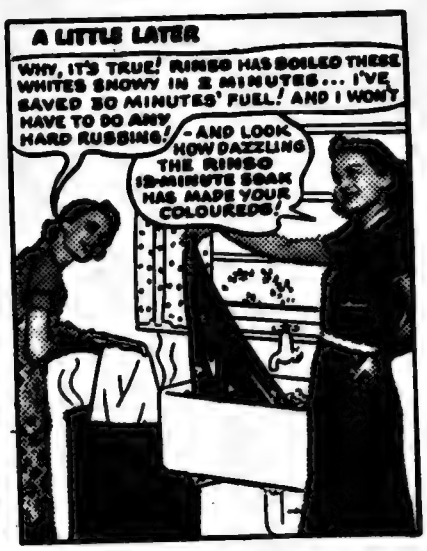
* * *

Look for the gaily coloured cover, specially drawn by Gilbert Wilkinson, on all the bookstalls. SUMMER PIC costs only 6d., and all profits go to charity.

LIMELIGHT FOR LETTY!

MONDAY EVENING
QUICK, LETTY, GET READY! THE BROWNS ARE COMING TO TAKE US SWIMMING!
GO OUT ON MONDAY EVENING? YOU MUST BE CRAZY, JOHN. WHY, I'M DEAD TIRED... I'D AS SOON FLY AS SWIM.
WHY, LETTY ALWAYS SEEMS TO MISS ALL THE FUN!
I'M AFRAID SHE'S PRETTY DONE-UP ON MONDAY NIGHTS. SHE SAYS THE WASHING TIRES HER OUT...
WHY, JOHN, SHE SHOULD WASH HER CLOTHES THE WONDERFULLY QUICK AND EASY NEW WAY. I'LL SHOW HER NEXT MONDAY..

NEXT MONDAY
YOU CAN'T TELL ME I WON'T HAVE TO RUB THESE WHITES HARDER THAN EVER AFTER JUST A 2-MINUTE BOIL!
YOU WON'T, IF YOU USE RINSO. YOU'LL HARDLY BELIEVE YOUR OWN EYES, LETTY ...JUST WAIT!


A LITTLE LATER
WHY, IT'S TRUE! RINSO HAS BOILED THESE WHITES SNOWY IN 2 MINUTES... I'VE SAVED 30 MINUTES' FUEL! AND I WON'T HAVE TO DO ANY HARD RUBBING!
- AND LOOK HOW DAZZLING THE RINSO 12-MINUTE SOAK HAS MADE YOUR COLOUREDS!

MONDAY EVENING
I WANT THE NEXT DANCE WITH LETTY!
SHE'S PROMISED IT TO ME!
I'M SO PROUD OF YOU, LETTY, DARLING. YOU'RE THE BELLE OF THE PARTY! I CAN HARDLY REMEMBER THE DAYS WHEN YOU WERE TIRED AND FAGGED OUT.
WE CAN FORGET THOSE AWFUL DAYS, JOHN.
(THANKS!) THANKS TO RINSO!

BRILLIANT WASH IN RECORD TIME!

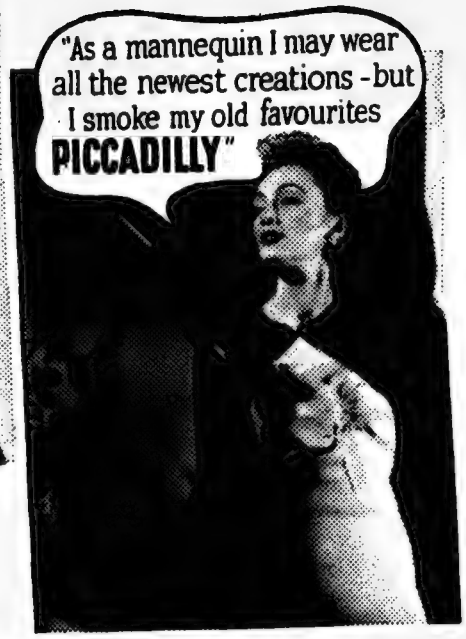
IF you want to save hours of hard rubbing, save half-an-hour's fuel every time you boil clothes, yet have a brilliant wash—use a wonderful new washing method!

Use the Rinso 2-minute boil for whites. Just damp any extra-dirty places and smooth in a little Rinso. Pop the clothes into the copper full of lukewarm Rinso suds, and bring to the boil, as usual. But then, boil for only 2 *minutes!* Do no hard rubbing! The clothes will be snowy!

Try the Rinso 12-minute soak for coloureds — it makes them brilliant! And give your fine things a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds. Rinso completely transforms washday! . . . yet it costs only 3½d., 6d. or 10d. a packet!

R2627-71-55 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

2 MINUTES BOILING OR 12 MINUTES SOAKING IS ALL IT TAKES WITH **RINSO**



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10 for 4d 15 for 6d

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150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

PJ 298

PARTICULAR PEOPLE PICC A PICCADILLY

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

GASTRITIS, ACIDITY AND PAIN AFTER EATING DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC

YOU need not suffer a Single Day longer from Mealtime Discomfort. Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis, or Gastric Catarrh, Wind, Flatulence, Fulness after meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by **Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1,077)**. Popularly known as "White Lions." Why restrict yourself to a narrow diet? Eat in moderation and enjoy your favourite dishes without unpleasant after-effects. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement, clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished, long sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Send at once for "White Lions." They give prompt relief. Price **6d.** (24), **1/4** (72), **2/6** (144), **7/-** (432 Lions), with directions.

Mr. Shadforth's book (No. J.B. 314) on Treating of Digestive Troubles will be sent post free.

POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion.

WARM WEATHER HEART WEAKNESS

Don't Risk a Collapse

DOES your heart palpitate? Are you tired from morning to night? Sleepless yet needing sleep? Without appetite, yet needing the strength which foods can bring? You must not go on like this? Take "Blue Lion Fox Nuts," the modern tonic which pulls you together in a few hours. Frazzled nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthened, hope renewed before nightfall; life worth living to-morrow. It is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, flutterings, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days.

Send at once for "Blue Lion Fox Nuts." Shadforth Prescription No. 612.

Prices: 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

The Shadforth Booklet on Heart Troubles (No. J.B. 320), post free.

THE WORLD'S BEST HEALTH, HEART AND NERVE TONIC.

Send for these prescriptions privately packed and post free at these prices (abroad extra) from

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE Ltd.

DISPENSING CHEMISTS, PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS

Dept. J.B. 118, 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

They Led Me Out to Die...

Another "CAPTAIN RECKLESS" Story!

Based on the real-life adventures of a Skipper who sailed the seven seas in search of trouble

"They backed me against a white-washed wall. I heard the clash of breech-blocks . . . . ."

By FRANK H. SHAW

"DON'T meddle," is my present motto.

Here's why: the world's countries may be getting to know each other better, but centuries of misunderstanding still carry weight.

Call this Central American republic San Josef. This episode happened fairly recently, and bad blood might be stirred up if I gave the correct name.

My ship, the *Belavon*, reached Bella Vista just as a revolution was brisking up into real trouble. Theatrical trouble, maybe; but however you name it a bullet can be painful and fatal.

On my way ashore to the Consul's, the driver of the rickety fly in which I rode pulled up and slouched into a cantina for a drink. By way of proving his sterling Latin independence, of course.

As he vanished, a patriotic enthusiast ran up and cut the horse's harness to ribbons with his manchéte.

He then yelled: "Veva Sebastian!" and a viligante—armed policeman—fixed his mouth open for ever by rising from behind a pillar-box and shooting him dead.

Lively? Yes! In three minutes my carriage was the focus of a battle.

Rapscallions, shirts hanging out of their torn pants, came screeching from every quarter; most had firearms, which they used indiscriminately.

I hunted cover like a hare. It wasn't my revolution, anyhow!

Vigilantes, on horse and on foot, tore into action. Paving-stones were torn up for a barricade; my carriage was set afire; the horses were shot and dragged to stiffen the barricade.

Quite a lot of futile people were killed or hurt, bullets flew hither and yon; and the *padrone* of the shop into which I scurried, pulled down his steel shutters to give protection, and said, philosophically: "Bastamento! Only another revolution; and good wine is a peso a bottle."

Things quieting a little, I continued my journey to the Consulate; and found the British representative away on leave.

The half-breed who was deputising for him didn't approve of Britishers. He was blown up with arrogance, and obviously thought he should be the chief rather than a subordinate.

"Don't let your crew get ashore, and keep aboard ship yourself," was his warning to me.

I INTENDED to observe that instruction, but circumstances were too strong for me.

That British trait of sympathising with the under-dog almost brought me to an untimely finish.

I was enjoying an iced drink on the bridge-deck of the *Belavon*, when some fresh trouble brewed up on the dusty, fly-ridden wharf to which we were moored.

For several days no work had been done aboard us, and demurrage means money in the Merchant Navy. I was impatient with all San Josef.

I do not really know what began that trouble ashore. There were yells, then shots, lots of flying stones; mules broke loose and ran amok. Vigilantes galloped into action.

Then a ragged man broke from the scrabble and scurried towards the *Belavon's* gangway.

After him chased the pack, the vigilantes firing from the saddle; and bullets clanged noisily on the ship's plating.

The refugee sprinted up the gangplank, fell on his knees before me, and implored sanctuary. He knew what the Red Ensign stood for!

His abject misery aroused my sympathies. He looked like a stray mongrel baited by bull-terriers.

"THAT'S all right," I said, pointing to the ensign aft. It was very red against a dazzling blue sky. "You're safe here, Johnny-the-Dago!"

I lugged him into an alleyway and slammed the steel storm-door on him, as a shield against bullets.

Brimming over with official importance, the vigilante sergeant dismounted and clanked up the gangway.

"Surrender that man at once," he commanded, or words to that effect. He breathed garlic richly into my face; and I don't like garlic. So I pointed to the flag and said:

"Not on your life!" Then I added, in my best Castillan, which is not very good—"Try any tricks and you'll be damn' sorry."

He blustered, looked ugly, so I made myself the local law, kicked him ashore, and had the gangway hauled inboard.

His high-handedness got my goat properly. He'd no right to invade my special bit of England, anyhow.

On the wharf, he screamed himself black in the face. I dared him to come back aboard—the insulted Briton at his most insular!

Silly—but that was how it took me just then. Probably the flies and the heat had something to do with it.

Some enthusiasts in the rabble loosed off a few pistol shots, but missed me—almost missed the ship. So that was that.

I got my rescued man into the saloon and gave him a sort of third-degree. He swore he was innocent of all evil, but it was not until later that I learnt he was lying. This human salvage was a pretty sore object. He had been stoned, slashed and shot at. He was bleeding from half a dozen gashes. He chattered with terror. So the steward and I bandaged him and fed him and put him to bed.

That evening the half-caste deputy Consul came down to tell me I'd thrown a spanner into the national machinery with a vengeance.

THERE would be, he said, disastrous consequences. For me—he, himself, seemed pleased about my idiocy.

I told him that since I'd grabbed off this waif and stray I'd stick to him, and if any San Josef fans tried to come aboard my ship I'd turn a steam-hose on to them.

It was the purest vainglory; but I've always been proud of the British flag; and had the idea that no slaves were permitted under its snapping folds.

A much-uniformed official happened along with an imposing bodyguard and demanded the return of my dago.

Notwithstanding his threats, I stubbornly refused to surrender him. Anyone could wear a uniform; and, for all I knew, this one was simply a casual bandit.

This Poo-Bah wanted to arrest the

(Continued on page 32)

SUMMER CHILLS

HAY FEVER
COLDS
HEADACHES
NEURALGIA

STOPPED for 2D

Yes! You can get relief for 2d! Beechams Powders are what you need! This pleasant prescription acts like magic, ending SHIVERING and SNEEZING, quickly bringing relief from PAIN, stopping nagging ACHES. Get your supply NOW!

BEECHAMS POWDERS 2

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

Euthymol used overnight means early morning freshness

EUTHYMOL

THE TOOTH PASTE OF THE WISE

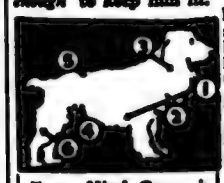
Per Tube 1/3

FREE OFFER. SEND to Dept. 67/113, Euthymol, 80, Beak Street, London, W.1, for a free 7-day trial sample.

DOG'S BODY

must have this thorough weekly 'overhaul'

Dosing your dog with ordinary "single-salt" powders which simply open his bowels is not enough to keep him fit. Just think!—what about his liver, his kidneys, nerves and glands? And his skin and teeth? Unless they, too, are kept O.K., no dog can be thoroughly fit and happy. That's why your dumb pal needs "Karswoods"—the ONLY dog powders which completely tone-up and "overhaul" EVERY part of a dog's body. Two "Karswoods" do more good than six ordinary dog powders. That's the honest truth. Nobody could deny it. 81 out of every 100 Dog Experts "swear by" Karswoods. Vets. strongly advise them, too. Get your dog a packet of "Karswoods" to-day. 6d. for 9 powders, or 21 for 1/-, from Chemists, Dog Food Shops, Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, etc.



Every Vital Organ is toned up by Karswood's 6-Fold Action.

£150 for SNAPSHOTS of DOGS

When buying Karswood Dog Powders, ask for Free Entry Form for "Happy Dog" Snapshot Competition in which £150 Cash Prizes and 250 Prizes MUST BE WON. Full details on Entry Form.

DIGESTION
..starts in the mouth

The food you eat may be divided into three classes, carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated, because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets, which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth, help to digest bread, pastry and potatoes before they reach the stomach. Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets are famous the world over for relieving indigestion, heartburn, acidity and all stomach troubles. You can eat Moorlands like sweets any time of the day.

IMPORTANT.

Moorland Tablets contain 15 ingredients, all necessary to relieve indigestion at once and gradually remove its cause. These ingredients are essential in everyday diet. Many present-day factory-produced foods are deprived of their natural salts, while the valuable salts of calcium in vegetables are boiled away. Moorland Tablets contain calcium and other essentials to good health. Moorland Tablets bring the system back to good health —appetite returns, over-acidity disappears.

Take two MOORLAND Tablets any time and eat what you like

READ THESE AMAZING TRIBUTES TO MOORLAND TABLETS . . .
selected at random from many hundreds of unsolicited testimonials.

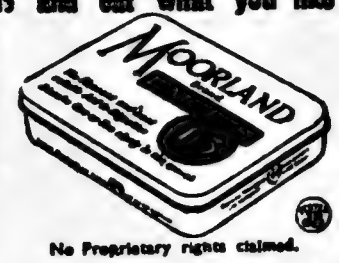
"CAN NOW EAT WITHOUT PAIN"

I feel I must write and tell you the good I have derived since taking your Moorland Tablets. They have given me more relief than any other indigestion remedy I have tried. The first box acted like magic—I found that I could eat practically anything without suffering the slightest discomfort afterwards. Eating, now, has become a real pleasure.—E. C. C. (Cardiff).

"MADE ME A NEW MAN"

Moorland Tablets have worked wonders with my terrible suffering. I was off my food and short of breath. After taking Moorlands I can eat anything and am now feeling a new man. Moorland Indigestion Tablets have done me more good than any other medicine.—J. C. (Grimsby).

MOORLAND
BRAND
INDIGESTION TABLETS



At all Chemists: **7½d.** in cardboard cartons (50 tablets) **1/3** flat pocket tins (110 tablets)

FREE Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for pocket (or handbag) sample tin and Diet Chart to:

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W. B. CARTWRIGHT, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), Rawdon, LEEDS
Sells

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 35

Old and Young Grow Fine Heads of Hair Stop Hair Falling, End Dandruff

"I WAS PRACTICALLY BALD." "I WAS QUITE BALD." "BALD PATCHES." "NEW HAIR AT 78. AFTER COMPLETE BALDNESS."

100,000 TEST SUPPLIES TO READERS of this Paper

YOUR Hair is waiting for Kotalko and Kotalko Scalp Soap if you are troubled with :

Falling Hair	Hair Coming Out
Scanty Hair	Dandruff
Thin or Bald Patches	Dry or Brittle Hair
Receding Hair Growth	Fading Hair

Kotalko and Kotalko Soap soon stop falling hair and clean up all dandruff, encouraging new growth on thin or bald spots and restoring the hair to its natural, vigorous colourful condition. No matter what your age or your hair's condition, you can prove the benefits of Kotalko now, for yourself.

For 21 years Kotalko has been bringing new hair to the heads of men and women of all ages.

Countless grateful letters testify to its amazing success—a success based on *its natural action* in stimulating dormant roots, softening the scalp and clearing the clogged hair passages *so that the young hairs can grow through.*

FILL IN THE COUPON BELOW AND POST NOW.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

and

Kotalko Scalp Soap

---DOUBLE TEST---

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., (53.KA), 8, Percy St., London, W.1.
I want a testing sample of Kotalko and a sample tablet of Kotalko Soap, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

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ADDRESS .....

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Bondman
TOBACCO

You can't have everything in this world. But Bondman coolness at least ensures everything a Pipe-smoker desires!

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½d per oz.
EMPIRE BLEND ..... 10d per oz.
IN *easy to open* VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

Send for this
FREE COOKERY BOOK
"The Complete Guide to Home Cooking."

DON'T overlook the unique opportunity to secure a copy of this very useful book which is offered free on page 23. You will learn why faults occur and how to avoid them—how to get perfect results with the least trouble. You'll find recipes for all kinds of pastry and how to make them into pies and tarts. Every housewife and cook ought to have this valuable reference book. Send for your free copy now by filling in your name and full postal address in the coupon on p. 23.

BEDRIDDEN BY PAIN!

"My kidneys and back were so bad that I had to stay in bed. After three weeks of Bole's Gin Pills I was up and around again and feel as strong and well as ever I used to be."—Mrs. M. E. From chemists 2/3 and 3/- or post free from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 31/32a, Banner St., London, E.C.1. Write for FREE Sample!

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.*—*even bugs*

● For over half a century KEATINGS POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. *Kills Green Fly.* —But it must be KEATINGS

Cartons 2d., 6d., 1/. Powder Flasks 1/-

THE ACID IN YOUR STOMACH

would burn a hole in a carpet

(From actual photo)

Every time you wish you hadn't had that last meal, those pains inside your stomach are caused by excess acid. Here's proof: after the same kind of acid had been poured on a carpet, a hole appeared. *That acid actually burned right through.* Now think of the agonies excess acid may cause inside you.

Rennies absorb EXCESS ACID at once

You suck Rennies like sweets. Because they don't have to be dissolved in water, they reach the stomach *full-strength*. All 15 scientifically-blended ingredients get to work at once! Some neutralise and absorb the excess acid, others actually help to digest your food for you. Pain ceases. You can eat *anything*, if you just take 2 Rennies after each meal. Rennies are separately wrapped, so you carry them loose, take them without fussing with glasses of water or milk. 1,193 Doctors have written personally praising Digestif Rennie brand tablets. Every chemist sells them, 6d. for the large trial size, and for 1/9 four times as many.

DIGESTIF RENNIES

"Acts like Magic with SEPTIC WOUNDS"

LION Ointment acts in Nature's way. Brings inflammation OUT QUICKLY. Then forms a clean new healthy skin from underneath. Nurses recommend it for Boils, Carbuncles, Septic Wounds, Abscesses, Piles, Eczema, even Bad Legs. From Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-.

LION OINTMENT 1/3

STEWARDS' CUP RUN AT GOODWOOD JULY 28th

WE GUARANTEE FULL MARKET PRICES

for Stewards' Cup commissions if postmarked NOT LATER than JULY 24th, or telephoned or telegraphed not later than noon on MONDAY, July 25th.

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NO LIMIT for Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Jockeys' Mounts.

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Fill this in Today—

Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account. I am over 21 years of age.

Name
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Suggested Weekly Credit £

DAVID COPE
LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON E.C.4

Continuing

"Led Out to Die"

ship; but I made a show at running the armoured hose along the deck and threatened to scald him blind if he didn't vamoose.

He couldn't argue with superheated steam. He went off.

Having to go ashore later on, I put a pistol in my pocket—an ordinary precaution.

Almost before I was properly over the gangway I was set on by a gang of toughs, who stank like polecats.

They hammered me half-silly, and chucked me into a wagon lately used to cart manure. This chariot trundled me away into the heart of the city.

At the Governor's palace I was jerked out and thrust inside. Rifle-butts hammered my shins and toes.

Even so, I failed to realise the seriousness of my position, for Britishers have a trick of imagining themselves immune from ill-treatment in foreign countries.

It was the Deputy-Governor who tried my case. His chief had been wounded in the last scrimmage of the revolution and wasn't expected to live.

And this Señor Da Costa hated Englishmen more than the devil hates holy water.

He was the man who later seized all British concessions in the country and turned the owners out without reparations.

Da Costa recited the charge as if I were mud. "You are accused of harbouring a desperate revolutionary and offering violence to the armed forces of the Government," he spat out. "This city is under martial law."

"He sheltered under the British flag," I said. "We don't surrender those who ask for our protection." That touched him on the raw.

"You resisted the Law!" he bellowed.

"Because your man lost his head," I retorted.

★ There was a lot of talk. I remember thinking it was like oxygen cylinders fizzing!

Then I was found guilty and sentenced to be shot at dawn.

But I didn't take them seriously. Everyone, Da Costa included, looked so theatrical and talked and gestured like actors in a play.

I was an Englishman, and these saddle-coloured merchants couldn't get away with murder!

I was sure they were trying to put the wind up me; nothing worse. Da Costa didn't know our national power and glory—the only unit of the Royal Navy ever to visit Bella Vista was a third-class cruiser, not half the size of the pride of the San Josefan navy.

When it dawned on me that His Mightiness was serious, I insisted on seeing the deputy British Consul, demanded to be put in touch with the owners' agent, and asked to be allowed to cable home.

All they did was to have me carted off to a stinking cell.

Even so, it wasn't possible to believe this threatened fate was real. There was always the majesty of the Flag as moral support.

After all, I'd merely prevented a poor devil from being torn limb from limb.

That didn't merit summary punishment. It could only be bluff.

★ But the jailer who shut me in took it seriously enough, and offered to carry last messages to my friends. He swore that Da Costa was in deadly earnest.

Interfering foreigners had been the cause of all the country's troubles in the past, and a lesson was necessary.

I asked for a message to be taken to the deputy Consul, but the half-caste was off on a binge with some friends, and he took no notice of it.

So, in the saffron dawn, I was led out to face a firing-squad.

Not until I saw the firing-party drawn up under an officer did I come to realities. A grim joke had turned into desperate earnest!

Oddly enough, in a detached way, I admired the beauty of the morning and wondered if shooting hurt. I'd been wounded in the War, but didn't remember details.

I might write in a lot about my emotions—with stage-stuff about not fearing to die, so long as it was for the right and that posterity would recognise the mistake.

I didn't feel that way—only savagely annoyed and wishing I could get my hooks into someone to hurt them damnably! I was hungry, too, but that was probably the nausea of fear.

They blindfolded me. They let a priest minister to me.

I was a Wesleyan, and took no stock in their Church. I told the priest that the British Navy would blow Bella Vista out of existence for this infamy. He shrugged—I saw that under the blindfold.

Then they backed me against a whitewashed wall. I heard orders rattled out and the clash of breech-bolts.

It wasn't myself that was about to be shot, of course—it couldn't be.

Dagoes didn't shoot British shipmasters and get away with it.

But my knees felt wobbly. However, if it came to dying, a man couldn't let the old country down.

★ I insisted on the blindfold being removed.

The row of levelled muzzles looked footling; death couldn't come from them.

I wasn't going to die at all.

Then I suddenly went empty about the middle. I was going to die, but I shouldn't remember anything about it!

You never felt the bullet that killed you. You saw a bright light—then darkness.

I wondered if they'd let the mate take charge of the ship, or whether she'd be held. I wondered all sorts of foolish things.

But they didn't fire....

No! A British warship did *not* shell the parade-ground as fingers tightened on the triggers.

My crew did not storm the city and take hostages. They didn't even know I was facing that firing-squad; but expected me for breakfast!

The squad didn't fire; that was all. But they let the farce go on to the point of the officer lifting his sword, and I certainly tasted the cold misery of death.

Of course, Da Costa had got cold feet. I realised that, dazed though I was, and it made me thrill with pride for dear old Britain and the power of her name.

But, when the officer dismissed the firing-squad, and I knew it was all over, they had to carry me back to my cell. My legs gave way.

Then my mate and chief engineer missed me and got things moving.

As the half-caste gave them no satisfaction, they applied to the German Consul, who effected my release.

★ So I was allowed to take the *Belavon* out to sea. When we got clear the refugee turned up, having stowed himself away in a bunker.

Overflowing with gratitude, he confessed to perpetrating a dozen crimes, and each one deserved punishment.

He joked about his own iniquity; and I swore I'd go a long way before interfering with any foreigner in his own country again.

One satisfaction I did obtain. I paid a call on the deputy Consul when I went to clear the *Belavon* outward.

He tried to pull a gun on me when he saw my intention; but a six-shot pistol seemed harmless after twelve levelled rifle-muzzles.

I almost made him eat his own pistol before I turned him over his own desk and gave him such a licking as he'd never had since his childhood.

He knew how I felt when I was led out to die.

Rum Row!

That was the name given to the stretch of water between the Bahamas and the coast of America, where, during Prohibition, the bootlegging fleets gathered to run the blockade of Revenue cutters. You need daring, desperate men for a job like that, so Captain Frank H. Shaw "handpicked" his crew. Thrills came thick and fast. Read how they clashed with the "hi-jackers" in next week's "John Bull."

The Human Machine

Make Sure of Your Facts

IF you were properly brought up you will have read the stories of the immortal Sherlock Holmes: and, in that case, you will remember how fond he was of reminding his "dear Watson" that "it is a capital mistake to theorise without sufficient data."

Now that is a very profound remark; for it is not only true of detectives, but of us all.

We should all lead much more carefree lives if we would refrain from building up theories that have no facts to support them.

Fears, worries, forebodings—these, if you can only sit down and examine them calmly, are only theories unsupported by facts.

For fears and facts are ill bedfellows. From the beginning of time they never went well together. Fears and forebodings can rarely stand the searchlight of solid fact.

We are never frightened of what has happened. We are rarely frightened of what is happening.

What fills us with fear is the thought of what may happen—and to be afraid of what hasn't happened, and, for all we know, never may happen, is to give way to unreason.

It is thinking ahead of your facts, and that isn't real thinking at all. It is just imagination run away with you.

Next time the future terrifies you, think differently. In fact, just for a change—think! Think of the times in the past when you were worried and frightened—and how what you feared never happened, or how you averted it.

Think of the plans you made and how successful you were.

Think of how small these fears and worries look in the past compared with how enormous they looked in the future!

For these are facts. Everything else is imagination.

And however big the fears and the worries and the forebodings were, the biggest fact of all is that you survived.

You're still here. Keep a grip on that and don't kid yourself any longer.

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Take it!

Elasto
Tablets
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD.
The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. LTD
CECIL HOUSE HOLBORN VIADUCT
LONDON E.C.1.

The Wonder Tablet

-And Stop Limping

DON'T let leg troubles cripple you. Take Elasto, the Great New Biomedical Remedy *that cures through the blood*, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language the Elasto method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"*I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured.*"
"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"
"*Thrombosis gone; legs better and less swelling.*"
"*Completely cured my varicose ulcers.*"
"*After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better.*"
"*No signs of varicose veins now.*"
"*Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering, age 66.*"
"*My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health.*"
"*Elasto has quite cured my eczema.*"
"*I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever.*"
"*The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (Arterio-Sclerosis) are quite gone, and my general health is much improved.*"
"*Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day.*" *Etc.*

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of testimonials, *showing what Elasto has done for others*, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE ELASTO MAKES! *This offer is too good to be missed*★
ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF ELASTO ★

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Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

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John Bull, 23738.

Elasto will save you pounds!

I can rid you of CATARRH

HEAD NOISES, HAY FEVER AND CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

once and for all

I have banished this nauseating complaint for 100,000 others. I can do the same for YOU or the trial treatment shall not cost you 1D.

I don't believe in Free Samples. They prove nothing. I prefer to give you better evidence that my treatment clears the trouble permanently. Write to me for particulars of my FAR FULLER AND EXTENDED TRIAL and how you are covered by my absolute and legally binding GUARANTEE.

Allan Cooper

I Know what it is

to be everlastingly clogged in all my breathing passages,
to be dulled and incapable in mind and suffer from heavy brow aches,
to be deafened in hearing and driven to distraction with singing, buzzing noises in my head,
to be hateful to myself and objectionable to others with my never-ending nose-blowing, clearing, sneezing, short breath and thick speech,
to be kept awake at night with discharges falling into my throat,
to be disappointed time and again with so-called remedies and reliefs.

I have suffered myself!

I know what is behind your mind at this very moment. You are saying, "This is probably only another Catarrh easer that may, or may not, give me a little relief." Very likely you have reason enough to be sceptical. Maybe you have spent pounds on inhalants, atomisers, gargles, mouth washes . . . AND YOU'VE STILL GOT CATARRH, though you have very little faith left.

My way to end Catarrh is fundamentally sound and totally different. Whether I stumbled upon it by Divine inspiration or cold logic, I will not attempt to say. But I do wish to emphasise that it is the method of a man who made the total banishment of Catarrh his guiding principle. I HAD TO. For I could see that if I did not succeed there would be little joy left in life for me.

Mercifully, I DID. And every grateful letter I have had since from the thousands of unfortunates with whom I have shared my discovery, has renewed my own joy in being permanently free myself.

I want to show you why, how, and where Catarrh originates—not in the head, as is commonly thought. How it permeates and infects the whole body, and why Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn and Constipation follow as a result. How it drags you down so that you catch cold after cold, and are always one of the first to be attacked by 'flu. And most important of all, I will show you how you can speedily and comfortably clear your Catarrhal troubles once and for all—whether you have suffered for years, months, or only weeks.

I make no charge whatever for the information I send to sufferers. If they follow my advice the cost is quite small and the method so successful that I am able to say **no one need suffer any longer.** Now is the time to conquer your complaint and get rid of it for ever, so that you will never have to suffer in Winters to come as you have in the past. Not even hay fever martyrs need dread the Summer, because my treatment has met with remarkable success in such cases.

If you are in earnest to end your suffering, write to me on the convenient coupon below. There is nothing to pay—nothing to promise. You may, if you wish, send 1½d. stamp to cover postage of my reply. This would be greatly appreciated.

I have just got room to print this guaranteed, genuine letter of appreciation. I have picked it haphazard from many hundreds I hold at my offices, and reproduced in full the writer's own heartfelt words. It should encourage you to look forward to a happier and brighter future for yourself.

"CATARRH GONE IN 3 DAYS NEVER RETURNED"

"I am writing with sincere thanks for your wonderful treatment for Catarrh. The result was most wonderful. I was only taking the treatment three days, and to my surprise the third morning I awoke and found the dreadful complaint was gone. I have delayed writing, thinking perhaps it would return, but I have never felt the complaint since, and am now in perfect health. *It is now two years since I had your Treatment*, but have not had a recurrence. I feel as if I have never even suffered with Catarrh. People have asked me how I got rid of it, and it has been a pleasure to recommend your treatment." (Signed) C. MARKS.

LET ME TELL YOU HOW FREE

To Mr. ALLAN COOPER,
60 Strand, LONDON, W.C.2.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how to permanently rid myself of Catarrh, Head Noises, Hay Fever, and Catarrhal Deafness.

NAME .....
(Please print in BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

NOTE:—A 1½d. stamp to cover postage would be greatly appreciated. "John Bull," 23.7.38

"MARY ANN"

Reader's Story by T. Quinn,

40, Cowcaddens Street, Glasgow

Have we had your story? JOHN BULL invites readers to submit original stories of real-life adventure not exceeding 1,200 words, and written on one side of the paper only. £5 5s. is paid for each story published.

I DID a gun hold up, and was caught for it.

I went into a hotel, walked up to the desk, and said to the night clerk: "I want a room, my car is outside."

He took me up four floors in the lift, and showed me a big apartment, with a bath and shower.

"Will this do?" he asked. Then I took out my gun, made him lie down on the bed, tied and gagged him.

After that I went down by the stairs, and broke open the hotel safe.

Believe me, what was inside wasn't worth the trouble. I wished that I had never done the job.

I wished it more than ever when I was caught and given my stretch.

On my release the United States Government deported me, and now I am in Glasgow rubbing two pennies together, and wondering if I can get the other twopence to make a coffee-stall meal.

My story begins fifteen years ago in Belfast, where they are tougher than any other place I know except one.

But things weren't too good for a youngster and I skipped to Canada.

I had a bit of money saved, and went right across into the States. I had an idea then that millionaires grew easily in America, and I wanted to be one.

Anyhow, it didn't happen like that. I drifted through all kinds of jobs, and travelled. I didn't pick up many dollars, but I did see life.

You bet I did—in every way.

Right down south by now and still wandering. Then I crossed the border into the Mexican town of Ciudad Juarez.

This place is the headquarters of all the smuggling between the countries.

Lift the lid off Juarez, and you would find a devil's brew. It's the one place that is tougher than Belfast.

One night I was sitting in a drink shop, feeling "hipped," and thinking about Ulster and the girls I once met in Bangor on a summer holiday, when a "Mex" came in.

He was one of the sleek kind, with hell in his eye, and hair all smarmed down.

He asked me to have a drink, and I did. We had the other half, and two more halves while we were talking. And then he said:

"Will you have a 'stick'?"

I said, "What's a 'stick'?"—thinking there was a catch somewhere and getting ready to beat it.

HE looked me up and down and seemed surprised. Then he pulled out a cigarette case, flicked it open, and added: "Go on, try it."

The cigarette I took was wrapped in brownish paper, and the weed inside was coarser than ordinary tobacco.

After the first few whiffs I felt as if my head was in the stars. I became jovial and happy. My shoulders went back, and I flexed my muscles like a trained prize-fighter.

My Mexican friend watched me while I smoked, and talked. But I didn't listen much to what he was saying. I was too happy.

I "floated" without any sense of time or space, and saw luscious visions—girls, and lights, and golden palaces.

Not until later, when my head had cleared, and I wasn't feeling so fine, did the "Mex" tell me that I had been smoking Marijuana, or "Mary Ann," the hemp weed.

Again next night I met the Mexican in the same "dive." All I wanted was another "stick."

Well, to cut it short, he made a proposition. He wanted me to act as agent for his boss and sell the drug across the frontier in the United States.

"YOU'RE English," he said, "and nobody will suspect you. It's easy work and the money is always there."

I agreed—more shame to me—and it was all fixed up. I was given a list of places where I could pick up the drug.

For months I peddled the stuff in the American towns along the border, and up into California.

I made handsome profits, selling "Mary Ann" for the best price I could.

Ashamed of myself? Yes—certainly—now. But then I was a smoker, an addict, a "viper," and I didn't care.

Why, I even sold "Mary Ann" to kids—schoolgirls. They say there are 100,000 children in the United States addicted to the drug.

Young girls are the worst. They go "cuckoo" after a few whiffs. "Blowing the top," it's called in the States.

I remember a smoking party at a house on the hill in San Francisco.

There was a girl named Ella. She jumped from a fifth floor window into the street and was killed.

She imagined the street was a swimming pool and she was in her swim-suit. So over she went, taking a swallow dive.

Poor kid—she was pretty.

You can always tell the confirmed "Mary Ann" smoker because of the strange redness in the whites of the eye.

UNDER the drug your mind loses the power of controlling thought.

First you become irresponsible, and then violent. You just don't care. Fear means nothing.

Until you are back to normal, and then you are on the rack of agony. There's only one thing you want—and must have—another smoke.

How bad I was I realise now.

Molly, the best girl in the world, tried to save me from myself. She loved me and we were married. She had a nice little home and money in the bank.

We were so happy for a while. I thought I was a decent man again.

All at once the craving came back to me like an overwhelming flood.

I crept out of home that night down to a place in the town where I knew there would be a "stick" or two on sale.

There I met a young American named Hall. He was on the same errand.

Hall shot four people. He was mad with dope

We went to his apartment, got doped to the eyes, and went completely crazy.

I slipped out, stole a car, and did my hold up, and, of course, was caught.

Young Hall did worse. He forced his wife to go out with him to another party.

There was a row. Hall shot four people. He was mad with dope.

But that did not save him. He went to the electric chair, and deserved it.

As for me, I was given five years behind bars. I deserved it, too.

Well, that's my story, and now I am back in Glasgow rubbing two pennies together and wondering where I can get another twopence.

And I have lost Molly. . . .

Pray Heaven this madness-dealing dope never becomes a social vice in Britain. I'm a human lesson.

Light "Fairs," Ash Blondes, Sandy, Mousy, Brownish Girls

AT LAST!
A SPECIAL SHAMPOO FOR ALL SHADES of FAIR HAIR!

Stablond Does What No Other Shampoo Can Even Claim to Do:

(1) IT BRINGS BACK TRUE "LIGHTER" COLOUR AND LOVELINESS TO FADED DARKENED FAIR HAIR

(2) IT PREVENTS LIGHT FAIR HAIR FROM GOING DARK AND MOUSY

THE VitaF (Vitamin F) in Sta-blond prevents dandruff and brittleness — keeps hair soft and silky. Contains no dyes or injurious bleaches.

Sta-blond contains enough for two shampoos

STAY LAB WITH STA-BLOND

Another CORN lifts OUT —thanks to 'FREEZONE'

MR. J—Y—, of Edgware, writes: "My job entailing a lot of walking, I developed two 'beautiful' corns—it was agony to move about. One Saturday I bought some 'Freezone' .... the next Friday both corns came right out."

'Freezone' Corn Remover is only 1/3d. a bottle at all chemists, and every bottle's sold with a money-back guarantee.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Watch For These "Extras"

DURING the last few days several readers of these notes have written asking me to put up a few horses which I have recently noted as likely winners in the near future. One correspondent mentions them as "extras" to his list of "horses to follow."

Agreeably with the request, I give below names of one or two horses which I regard as sure winners very soon. Indeed, it may be that one or more of them will have won before these lines are published!

Platinum, in receipt of a stone from La-Li at Newmarket, was one and a half lengths behind the latter; but it should be noted that Platinum was backed with real confidence and will, no doubt, speedily justify the opinion held of her.

Another likely one is Mr. Dunne's Peggy Boy; and a sure winner of a good race at an early date is Mrs. Rank's Discord, beaten a head by the smart and dogged Xanthene in the Thurston Handicap at Newmarket.

The two-year-old Kipling is also one to be noted for an early success.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, July 21, to Wednesday, July 27.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: IXKRMU would read BOSLEY. Where a double letter occurs in the name the figure 2 is substituted. KXT295 would read SONNA.

INDIGESTION AND FLATULENCE AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food simply can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day? They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute attacks of gastric pain 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them. Neat flat tins for the pocket 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Clean Out your Kidneys!

Your kidneys, like all filters, get partially clogged and congested at times. Poisons collect in the blood instead of being filtered away and cause backache, urinary disorders, headaches, disturbed sleep, dizziness, painful muscles and joints, swollen limbs, nasal dropsy, rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica. Doans Brand Backache Kidney Pills relieve these painful disorders by cleansing and invigorating the kidneys. They increase the flow of fluid through the ten million tiny kidney tubes, so that kidney congestion is relieved and you feel healthy and well once again.

Doans do not drug the system to give temporary ease; they ensure permanent relief by their direct action upon the kidney filters. Be guided by 50,000 grateful men and women who say "Doans Pills have rid us of our kidney troubles."

1/3 3/- 5/-

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

ODOURLESS Hair Remover

At last, a depilatory that *works entirely without odour!* Bu-to, a dainty white cream, quickly removes unwanted hair—leaves your skin cool, fragrant, satin-smooth—discourages coarse regrowth. No irritation. No embarrassing odour. *Bu-to does not smell because it cannot smell.* As pleasant to use as your face cream!

MAKE THIS ODOUR TEST

Squeeze a small quantity of Bu-to on your arm. Leave 6 minutes. Note complete absence of unpleasant odour, and freedom from irritation. Now, rinse with cold water. All hair is gone as if by magic. Your skin is soft, cool, satin-smooth—*and quite odourless.*

Money-back Guarantee. *If you detect the slightest unpleasant odour—or, if Bu-to fails to give complete satisfaction, return tube and your money will at once be refunded without question.*

1/6

Bū-to

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN PATENTS PENDING

odourless

BUTYWAVE CO., LONDON, S.W.1.

CONQUER HAY FEVER

Read what a sufferer from this distressing complaint says:—"Myself and daughter, both suffering from Hay Fever, found that after a few doses of Yadil all symptoms disappeared and neither of us has had a sneeze since." YADIL is the original internal antiseptic containing the essential oil of garlic. Nature's own remedy, that destroys all germs in the body and cleanses the entire system. Take YADIL at the first symptom and this summer be free of Hay Fever. Read the YADIL HEALTH BOOK and know how to keep well at all times.

YADIL

Safe Internal Antiseptic 1/3 *and larger from Chemists or direct from*

FREE. Write for your copy of the New Edition of the popular YADIL HEALTH BOOK, sent post free from—

YADIL (1935) Ltd., Dept. J.B. Springfield, Clapton, E.5.

CONSTIPATION

Conquered by 100-year-old remedy

If you suffer from Constipation, Indigestion, Flatulence, Headache, Rheumatism, or Liver and Stomach troubles, try Dr. Scott's Brand Bilious and Liver Pills, a genuine old-fashioned vegetable remedy, gentle in action and perfectly safe.

Dr Scott's Bilious & Liver Pills

BRAND

6D., 1/3, & 3/- (Treble Quantity)

Trial size 6d. from all Chemists, or 7½d. post-free from W. Lambert & Co., Ltd., Dept. 11, 238, Seaton Road, London, N.W.1.

If you're looking for

FURNITURE BARGAINS

—Turn to the Front Cover.

Don't overlook Jay's Sunshine Sale and their six-point plan by which all bargains can be obtained. A number of free catalogues are offered to readers. Details of Jay's 3-way protection is given in a booklet entitled "Tranquility." A free gift catalogue which provides details of lovely free gifts to customers of £10 or over is well worth having.

Turn to the front cover Now and fill in the coupon in the special Sale announcement, crossing out those booklets which you do not require. Post in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp and address Jay's Furnishing Stores, Dept. J.B., 248, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1. There are over 170 branches of Jay's throughout the country and if you prefer, full details can be obtained on application to any one of them.

- then figure on 'DIGGER'

You can count on Digger for that little extra satisfaction and coolness which makes all the difference in a pipe. Player's make it good—smokers make it popular. Digger has a larger sale than any other Empire Tobacco in the country.

8d PER OZ.

PLAYER'S **DIGGER** SHAG

ALSO FLAKE, MIXTURE & CUT PLUG

P.D.59

P.S.

Don't forget to look into John Bull's Shop Window—you always find bargains there.

See pages 2 & 3.

ASTHMA

New Low Price of 4/-

Made Possible by Increased Demand.

If you want relief from spells of hard breathing, choking and wheezing that makes you gasp for breath, try Himrod's Cure. It has brought relief to sufferers for over sixty five years.

A Doctor writes:—"*I have prescribed Himrod's with unbelievable results*"

Insist on the genuine

HIMROD'S CURE

£35 in Cash Prizes FREE! For Best Last Line to Limerick on Page 27.

THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE offer a first prize of £15 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 27. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday, July 29th, 1938. You may send in as many entries as you like provided you comply with the rules. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 12), Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—TESTED JB In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of JOHN BULL.

CROSSWORD No. 118.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 26 is presented the 118th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, August 11, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on page 26. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

Get FREE Particulars of this **Wonderful Offer** to sufferers of

CATARRH

Be rid of this distressing complaint by accepting the offer on page 33. So confident are the proprietors of the efficacy of a good remedy for the treatment of catarrhal troubles, including Head Noises, Hay Fever, Catarrhal Deafness, etc., that sufferers are offered a trial under guarantee. Turn to p. 33 now while you think of it, and fill in and post the Coupon for full particulars of this offer. Send the Coupon Now!

—See page 33

X-WORD PENSION, FORTUNE and FAMILY TRIP TO THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION

£5 MONTHLY FOR LIFE PLUS £300 WITH

Thrilling week-end visit to Glasgow's Wonder Show, with tour of Scottish scenery, for party of four.

ANOTHER GREAT 3-in-1 HOLIDAY-PRIZE OFFERED BY "JOHN BULL"

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP | UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS FOR ALL ENTRANTS | OR SPLENDID LUMP SUM OF £600 Cash

READ THESE RULES

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares or two columns submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, July 30, 1938.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. See "Time-Sava" Form for special conditions governing use.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 11. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, August 16, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £600 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one-Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 35.

HOW TO ENTER

Ordinary Puzzle Squares below may be used for your entry—or you may use the "Time-Sava" Entry Sheet as directed.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

X-WORD No. 118. Closing Sat., July 30.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose P.O. Value ..... No. .....

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CROSSWORD RESULT No.116.

Result and winning Square of Crossword Competition No. 116 will appear in next week's "John Bull."

Meanwhile, make the most of this week's big opportunity to win £5 Monthly for Life, £300 and Trip to Empire Exhibition!

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

FREE HELP WITH YOUR CROSSWORDS

You are invited to enclose this Coupon with your Entry.

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here | Affix 1½d. Stamp Here

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets Bulletin." Please arrange:—

(a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.

(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply.

(Cross out line which is not applicable).

Name .....

Address .....

.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

"Time-Sava" ENTRY SHEET JOHN BULL X-Word No. 118. Closing Sat. JULY 30.

Study these Clues

FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d. ENTRY-FEE

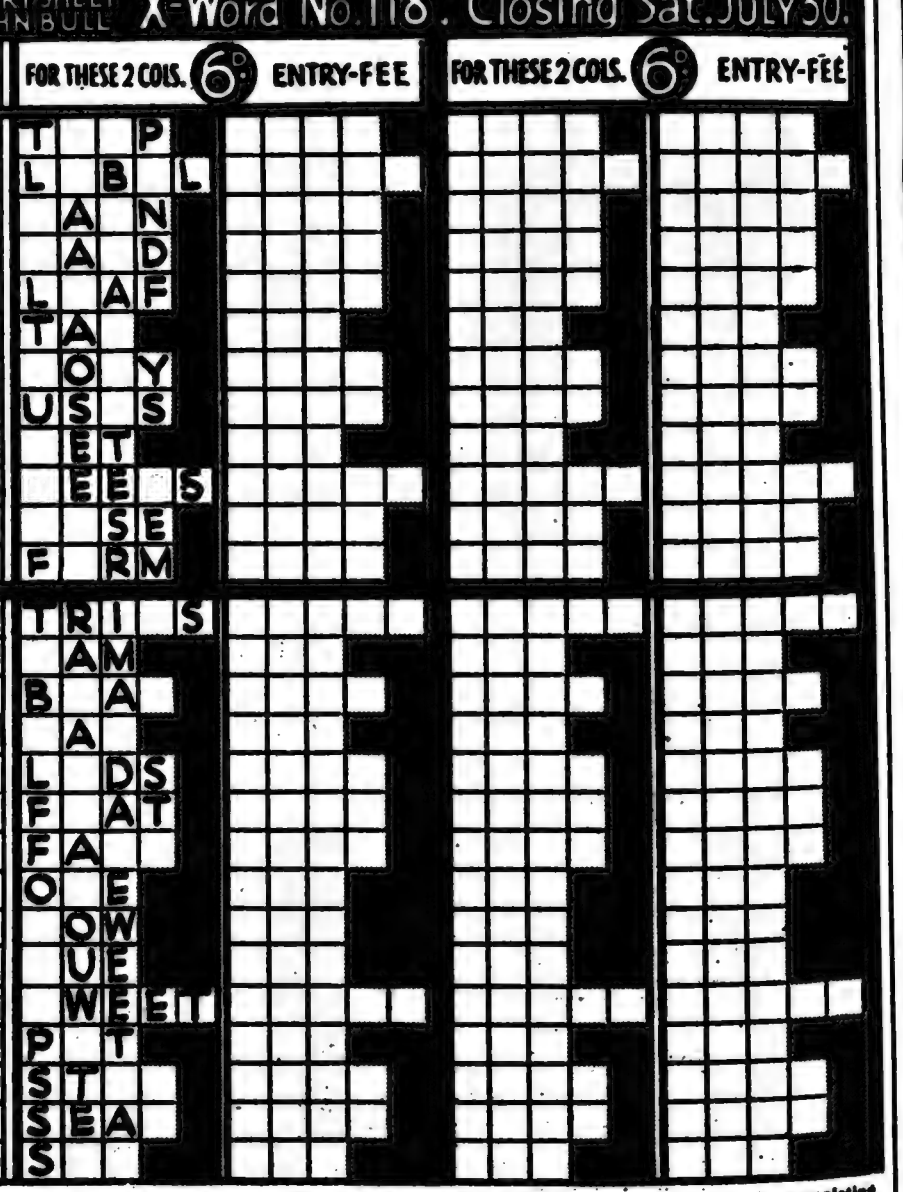
FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d. ENTRY-FEE

ACROSS

1. Big game hunter has to make this to bag these
3. This is slip of paper in some cases
8. Water from clouds
9. Cases in this may need careful attention
10. May be taken from cookery-book
13. Stiff one should be made easier
16. One's comfortable surroundings may tend to make person this
19. Employs
21. In some cases makes a difference to running of horse
24. Maintains
25. Industrial Board's recommendation should be this for workers
26. Jaded city folk like to get back to this when they have holiday

DOWN

1. Careful timing may be important in scoring of these
2. Male sheep
4. Boosters who do this are always objectionable
5. One bears with this
6. Covers for saucepans
7. House painter takes pride in decorating one
11. Good fortune-teller usually reads client's accurately
12. May be crude in original form
14. Break-down means one gets this
15. What firm will do, if bad debt is large
17. Describes sugar's taste
18. Some gardeners have plants in
20. That of door is commonly of wood
22. Woman expresses her thanks when man gives her this
23. Long narrow snow-shoe



INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE

First, work out Puzzle on ordinary Square, with aid of Clues. Then indicate first set of Answers by completing in ink a word against each Clue in first column above. EVERY LETTER SPACE IN THIS FIRST COLUMN MUST BE COMPLETED OR ENTRY SHEET DISQUALIFIED. In subsequent columns, print in complete words ONLY where you wish to indicate Answers DIFFERING from first Column. All word spaces left blank in second, third and fourth columns will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at these points.

I submit this Entry for X-word 118 on the understanding that first Column and each subsequent Column containing word or words shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of current X-word Square, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and enclose P.O.Value ..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 118, "JOHN BULL," 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

("BULLETS" MAY BE ENCLOSED—SEE "BULLETS" PAGE.)

£5 GOLD WATCHES FREE—Details in this week's "Crossword Gazette," enclose Reservation Coupon above.

In the Garden of the Brave . . .

ON the last day of his visit to France the King will unveil the great £100,000 Memorial at Villers-Brettoneux dedicated to the 11,000 Australians "missing" in the Somme Carnage of April, 1918.

Many people, including Ludendorff, believe that this was the battle which ended the war.

The last battle—and the last memorial; for after July 22 no more great memorials to the missing will be built in France.

What a gigantic task has been the gathering together of the Great War's million dead, and making their memory live for generations to come.

A long time ago Senator Borah, the U.S. politician, poring over Great War costs and casualties, announced that it cost £5,000 to kill a soldier.

When the Imperial War Graves Commission was founded in 1917, the Government allowed £10 on each grave and £5 on the commemoration of each soldier with no known grave.

The total sum advanced, including the amount voted for maintenance, came to about £15,000,000, giving an annual income of about £216,000.

Within the limits of that sum the great task has been done.

Beyond France and Flanders the work of the Commission has stretched across the globe, from Archangel in the North to remote South Sea archipelagos, from Canada across the deserts of the East, to Vladivostock in distant Asia.

Strictly speaking, the work is not yet completed.

Bodies are still being recovered from the old battlefields at the rate of 20 or 30 a week.

LAST year's total was nearly 900. They go to join their comrades in the ordered beauty of one or other of the 2,000 cemeteries which stretch along the old line from Nieuport, on the edge of the North Sea, to the limits of our front beyond the Somme.

You cannot see those places or wander among the memorial corridors without the tragedy of the last few years striking to your heart.

To the last battle—the last memorial

The imagined drone of the bombing fleets, the babble of Parliaments and council tables sound louder among those names and mute white headstones.

But you cannot make any mention of this great work without remembering the five-hundred or so men listed by the Commission as "gardener-caretakers."

Mostly they are ex-soldiers, the survivors of the men who began the real work of the Commission in 1919, gathering in the lonely and forgotten dead of old battles and bringing them in to join the last parade.

Theirs was a strange, fantastic "carry-over" of the war.

By night they bivouacked in waste places with no company but themselves, and the glare and crash along the skyline of shell dumps being exploded by the clearance parties.

By day they worked patiently, concentrating endlessly on every inch of ground, every fallen trench and dug-out, seeking what they would find.

TO-DAY, for their £3 10s. a week they keep and guard the cemeteries and memorials.

No sacred shrines were ever tended with more care and devotion.

When he sets the seal on the Imperial War Graves Commission's work at Villers-Brettoneux, the King will meet some of these humble "gardener-caretakers."

They have their rightful place, too, among the bemedalled great who will be present to see the end of a great work.

Some of us might think that theirs was the grandest and austerest job of all.

For while the "demob" boats were landing their cargoes and we were marching home again, they stayed behind.

They were the seekers of the Slain, who endured cold and horror and desolation with stern compassion.

So that in the end, even the poor bones of 1234 Pte. John Smith should not lie lonely and forgotten where he fell, but be brought into hallowed ground, by hands he knew, to lie among his friends.

Cavalcade of the C.I.D.

Enter the Flying Squad

Two converted Army lorries—nicknamed the "Bedsteads"—formed the nucleus of the Flying Squad, organised in April, 1920, to fight the new menace of the motor-bandit. Equipped with wireless, they were so successful that the Squad was soon enlarged.

One of its most sensational captures took place on a July night in 1929 when, warned by radio, a Squad car raced to Victoria-street, Westminster, London, just as bandits drew up outside a tailor's shop.

Then a whistle warned the thieves, who dashed off at 60 m.p.h. Near Buckingham Gate the Squad car drew alongside and a daring police inspector leaped on to the bandits' running-board. He was struck senseless with an iron bar and fell into the road gravely injured.

But the Squad car kept on and, while taking a bend at top speed, forced the other into a wall. The three men in it were arrested after a fierce struggle, and later were sentenced. The inspector, who recovered, was praised for his courage. Now Squad cars are everywhere, and can receive orders in Morse code while travelling at 100 m.p.h. Not long ago a man in Mill Hill heard his car start and saw it driven away. He 'phoned the Yard and within an hour or two the car was recovered in Maida Vale and the bandits who had stolen it were arrested.

SLIM AND REJUVENATE your figure!

Why be unshapely, tired, uninteresting? A slim figure can be yours—NOW—without dangerous drugs or irksome dieting! Wear the supremely comfortable AMBROSE REDUCING CORSET and regain your youthfulness and charm. Expertly fashioned in a special odourless rubber fabric, this Corset effects an imperceptible massage-like treatment which eliminates unwanted flesh in a harmless and healthy way.

Try one on approval for 1/6 DEPOSIT (plus 6d. postage) (Your deposit refunded if not satisfied). Pay balance in one sum or 2/6 monthly, whichever you prefer (NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS)

In Tea Rose washable lined rubber fabric (no rubber next the skin), with lightly boned supports and four suspenders. Sizes 24 to 40 ins. waist. Choose either a Closed Back model or Laced Back. Brassiere sizes 30 to 46 ins. bust.

PRICE 10/11 Brassiere to Match 4/11. The Two Garments 14/11.

WHY BE LIKE THIS? WHEN YOU CAN BE LIKE THIS

COUPON Please send me a Reducing Corset

Also Brassiere (Cross out if not required)

Enclose crossed P.O. for 2/- (deposit & postage) with name (Mrs. or Miss) & address & Bust, Waist & Hips measurements. State if CLOSED BACK or LACED BACK model required. (Overseas full cash.) J. Bull, 21/7/38

AMBROSE WILSON LTD

WORLD'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER CORSET HOUSE

499 Ambrose House, 69 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1

CORNS AND CALLOUSES Lift Out

It takes but one minute for Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to relieve pain and only a few days to soften and loosen corns and callouses, so they lift right out—painlessly. Cushion and protect sore toes and tender spots; prevent blisters. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, and Corns-between-toes. From all Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. 1/3d. per pkt.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Pains in Back Gone in 3 Hours

If you suffer terrible, sharp pains or dull wearing down aches in the back or sides, you can't get rid of these troubles with ordinary medicines because you must kill the germs in your kidneys that cause such troubles. Other symptoms of Kidney and Bladder Disorders are Scanty, Frequent and Painful Passages, Getting up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Headaches, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes and Rheumatism. The new scientific discovery—Cystex—ends these troubles by removing the cause—the germs which infest your kidney tubes. Cystex is guaranteed to start benefits in 24 hours and completely stop your troubles and restore vigorous health in 8 days or cost nothing. Ask your chemist for Cystex today. The money-back Guarantee protects you.

CHILDREN'S STOMACH-ACHE

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M. D., Paris

Although every mother realises that she is responsible for the health of her children, I often come across cases where parents have neglected those apparently unimportant little attacks of 'tummy-ache.' Children's stomach troubles should *never* be neglected, otherwise their health may be permanently affected.

In many cases acidity due to over-hasty eating is the trouble. To give the child immediate relief, I recommend a small dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the standard antacid. Keep up the treatment for a few days, and keep the child off rich foods. At the same time, teach it to eat *slowly*. Bad teeth, wrong diet and over-excitement also cause stomach trouble. Almost invariably acidity results, and a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia soon puts this right. Should the gastric trouble persist, keep up the 'Bisurated' Magnesia treatment and consult your doctor.

Note. 'Bisurated' Magnesia—referred to by Dr. Scott—is available at all chemists at 6d., 1/3 and 2/6.

RHEUMATISM

Royal Marine's appalling prospect

For twenty years Mr. S. R., of Portsmouth, has sailed the seven seas in the Royal Marines. Then, a few short months ago, he was faced with an appalling prospect—the prospect of being a Rheumatic invalid for the rest of his life!

"I came home from Egypt," he writes, "suffering badly with Rheumatism and Sciatica—so badly that I expected to be invalided from the Service." Can you conceive a more dire disaster for an active man with the sea in his blood?

But wait. "Three months ago"—and here his letter breathes his relief—"I began using Fynnon Salt, after trying many other prescriptions. I am delighted to say I am now completely cured and feeling years younger! I cannot speak too highly of your Salt."

What is this Fynnon Salt that's proving one of the wonders of the world in the relief of Rheumatism? Just a blend of those peerless 'Salts of the Earth'—Sodium, Potassium and Lithium—found in celebrated Spas. Take a teaspoonful in a tumblerful of water every morning and replace the tortures of Rheumatism with the bliss of Health and fitness. Large tins 1/3.

A GOLDEN HOUSE FOR YOU?

Architects for the 1939 Golden Gate International Exhibition, San Francisco, have achieved a new cement stucco that will bathe the walls of buildings in a radiant golden glow, sparkling with prismatic colours under day or night lighting! Read the astonishing facts for yourself in "Armchair Science," on sale everywhere, sixpence.

Can an international Brain Trust save the world from its mad rush towards war? (Ritchie Calder) How would you like to fly 600 miles an hour through space? ("Popular Science Monthly," New York.)

Did you know that Canada makes the largest "bombs" in the world? ("Columbia") Can it be proved that, after all, there are Men on the Moon? (The Astronomer-Royal). Did you know that a rug has actually been dissolved in order to recover radium from it? ("Fact Digest").

Are you storing unawares, dangerous explosives in your home? ("Mind the Bang," "Star Weekly," Toronto). Can a man live without eyes, nose, mouth, tongue, and gall-bladder?—it is possible ("Mechanics and Handicrafts," New York).

These are just a few of the amazing problems solved for you in the current issue of "Armchair Science," 17 Special Articles, 45 thrilling illustrations, 16 regular features. Don't miss it! Get your copy TO-DAY from your nearest newsagent, or write direct to: "Armchair Science," Dept. J.B.3, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing 6d. postal order or stamps.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for inward use. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories. 1/3 a box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

BLOOD TROUBLES, ABSCESSES, BOILS

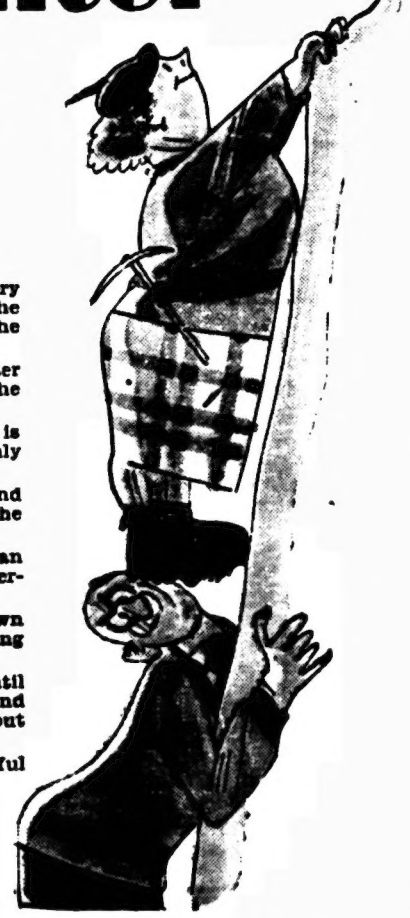
Wonderful tributes are received daily for benefits derived from Vitadatio, the Famous Herbal Remedy. Mrs. Walton, Newhey, Rochdale, writes:—

"For four years I had one Abscess after another. I had four operations, the last being on the Spine, which discharged 20 months. I tried Vitadatio and after two bottles felt my back easier, so persevered with it. I have now been working two years and keeping fit."

Vitadatio is invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Troubles. If you are a sufferer—do not give up hope—Get a bottle today. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in U.K. From A&T.A49 A.T.W.O. ARMALE1, LEEDS. Write for FREE BOOK

Dad . . . Presses his Trousers — by Maz

The Editor Laughs Last



"Bullets' Illustrated:
When Auntie Tried Climbing—
Uncle's "Face" Provided Footholds!

HARD-UP (Glasgow).—"My landlady was very decent and said she'd forget half the amount I owed." And did you forget the other half?

F. H. (Chelmsford).—"I went to a character reader the other day, and do you know what he told me?" To pay in advance?

W. L. (Grantham).—"Travelling by Tube is really very good for the health." Well, it certainly puts thousands on their feet.

Miss D. (Diss).—"The front-door bell rang, and who do you think was there when I opened the door?" The person who rang the bell.

L. T. (Bourne).—"He was playing the part of an angler in a play, but completely spoilt the performance." He forgot his lines?

P. J. (Bude).—"I have been cooking my own dinner now for a year." There must be something radically wrong with your stove.

Gwen (Kilburn).—"After waiting for him until my feet positively ached, I became indignant and marched off home." You felt you had stood about enough.

T. P. (Bath).—"The wasp is really a beautiful insect, but few people seem to have any praise for it." We patted one heartily on the back at a picnic only yesterday!

F. N. (Liverpool).—"Ultimately the stiff collar will disappear altogether." In the meantime laundries are doing their best.

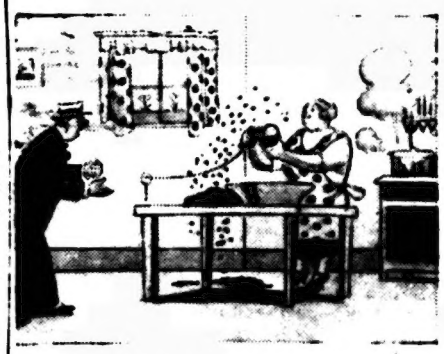
R. P. (Crewe).—"Do you realise that there is enough nicotine in a dozen cigarettes to kill a rat?" Yes, but unfortunately rats don't smoke cigarettes.

C. R. (Portsmouth).—"You can take it from me that if you go to America you will hear how crooning really should be done." We appreciate your warning.

T. N. (Brentwood).—"It seemed to me that there was something vital lacking about our women players at Wimbledon." Yes, victories.

L. E. (Wembley).—"I was given orders to keep my eye on a certain speedway rider, but when I arrived at the stadium I was informed that he was participating in a match many miles away." You were on the wrong track.

Waitress (Brixton).—"I wonder why the boss told us girls that he wanted us to look our best that particular Monday? He suggested that we added a touch of powder to our faces and fussed our hair up a bit." Ah, perhaps the beef was tough that day.



"Myrtle, how many more times have I to tell you not to use my electric razor for peeling the potatoes"
—(from "The Passing Show")

D. R. (Runcorn).—"The average woman's voice has the range of an organ." But not so many stops.

D. L. (Colchester).—"Which point in my letter appealed to you most?" The full-stop at the end.

S. L. (Frome).—"The small car is a menace to the road, it strikes me." You should learn to dodge.

E. M. (Baldock).—"Where would the Australian cricketers be without Bradman?" In England.

C. M. (Heston).—"I am cultivating blackberries as a sideline in case I ever get out of work." They are not the sort of things we would like to fall back on.

* * *

MECHANIC (Bromley).—"I am always sure of one thing when I see a novice tampering with the engine of his car." That he will soon have to visit a garage?

D. C. (Boston).—"Any man should be able to dress well on a £10 note." Maybe, but we generally do it on a 10s. bedroom mat.

R. L. (Tring).—"To be able to last through fifteen rounds of fast boxing a man needs exceptionally good lungs." Yes, and the fellow sitting just behind us generally has them.

● If you are troubled by any matter—except of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

G. M. (Tonbridge).—"I soon get rid of ants in my garden by using the pepper-pot." In a couple of shakes, as it were?

E. P. (Slough).—"I am definitely master in my own house." Until your wife returns from her holiday?

J. J. (Purley).—"Life, to me, seems to be merely a matter of keeping up appearances." And the instalments, too?

S. B. (St. Albans).—"I travel in babies' perambulators." Won't your firm provide you with a car?

* * *

DRAMATIST (Edgware).—"The leading lady in my play will present some entirely new features." She has had her face lifted?

R. K. (Taunton).—"I find that the dawn often brings renewed optimism and hope." And then the post arrives and spoils everything.

S. P. (Finchley).—"Can you suggest something suitable for my wife, who sniffs at all the little presents I buy for her?" Perfume.

Umpire (Barnes).—"Neither of the tennis finalists was trying to win, and I am certain there was something between them." The net?

Film Star (Hollywood).—"There are more thoroughfares named after me than any of my colleagues." You are streets ahead of them, in fact.

J. H. (Chepstow).—"The cave man of prehistoric times held a trump card in his hand in his dealings with women." A club?

* * *

PALMIST (Cleeton).—"It is easy to tell a man's temper from his hands." And to tell his hands from his temper if he plays bridge.

K. C. (Putney).—"A few choice words—that's all I got when I asked for holidays with pay." Never mind—a big *Bullets* cheque and Holiday Tickets would be even better than holidays with pay. See that we get a few choice words on a coupon from *you* this week.

Pierrot (Aberdeen).—"At one resort where I appeared a fire broke out in the hall, but I had the presence of mind to send the hat round before the audience left." You kept calm and collected.

M. C. (Rugby).—"My new maid, who came from North Wales, stayed only twenty-four hours and then left by the next train for London." Well, we suppose the girl had to break her journey somewhere.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

Eastern Daily Press:—"... that application be made to the Ministry for the Town Clock and the engineer to attend the Ministry . . ."

Warrington Examiner:—"As the interpreters put this into sign language, there were volleys of handicaps from the deaf and dumb . . ."

Daily Sketch:—"... wore a tailored dress and coat the colour of early catskins, and carried a silver-fox fur on her arm."

Surrey Weekly Press:—"... are in need of boys' shirts, short trousers, old vegetables and fruit."

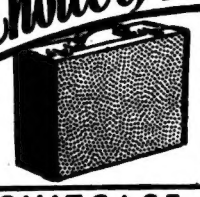
Yorkshire Evening Post:—"Mr. H. M. B——, Governing Director of the Forge, who has been working on its present site a little upstream from the Abbey ruins for centuries. . . ."

Bournemouth Daily Echo:—"M. E—— recited and Miss E—— contributed a son."

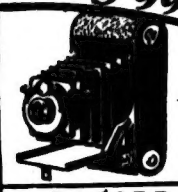
50 DOUBLE HOLIDAY PRIZES for BULLETS!

AWARDS VALUE OVER **£4,500** MUST BE WON

FIRST PRIZE **£250** Cash and your Choice of Holiday Gift



SUITCASE



CAMERA

PICNIC OUTFIT

OR HOLIDAY TICKETS value 30/-

249 OTHER HOLIDAY AWARDS

£100 OFFER WITH EACH PRIZE | £25 | £10 | £9 | £8 | £7 | £6 | £5 | £4 | £3 | 10/- | £2 | 30/- | 10/-

ALL ABOVE PRIZES plus CHOICE of HOLIDAY GIFT

249 HOLIDAY AWARDS | 5,000 GOOD SHOT PRIZES

THIS WEEK ONLY: CLOSING POSTMARK SATURDAY JULY 30

BIG new attractions in addition to holiday cash galore—that is the seasonable menu for *Bullets* this week. Before you to-day are 50 fine opportunities to capture a cash prize and Holiday Gift for fitting together a few simple words.

Make the most of the few days available for posting your entry, and a golden First Prize Joy Wire or one of the other big Holiday Cheques may well be your reward. And remember—each of the 50 chief winners secures in addition the privilege of selecting as an extra Holiday Gift a Suitcase, Camera, Picnic Outfit —or Holiday Tickets value 30s.

Moreover, if you use the Bonus Coupon as instructed, an extra £3 holiday cash will be added to your prize as indicated.

'BULLETS' 1,127 RESULT

First Prize, £2 Weekly for Life, or £500 Cash:

J. SAYERS, 30, Hertford Road, Brighton.
Example: HOLIDAY FOR EVERYBODY
Bullet: LANDLADY'S PRAYER—AND DRUDGE'S.

SECOND PRIZE £50:

F. SMITH, 138, Ratcliffe Road, Sileby, Leics.
Example: Faithful To The Last
Bullet: Who'll Be Hollywood's First?

THIRD PRIZE £25:

MISS E. N. FUNDREY, 6, North Brink, Wisbech, Cambs.
Example: New Boss
Bullet: Knew Best—Now "Bust."!

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: W. SWAINSTON, 12, Montrose Street, Saltburn-by-Sea, Yorks.
Crumbling—"Millstones." The Seaside Air.

£9: E. STONE, 229, Butts Road, Sholing, Southampton.
Shutting Up The House—Political "Holiday-makers"—"Underdog" Forgotten.

£8: W. R. WHITTALL, 194, Church Hill Road, Birmingham.
Looking On The Bright Side—Difficult—*Three* "Sunbeams" Arrived!

£7: J. E. CADMAN, 2, Council House, Florden, Norwich.
New Boss—Of Creation, Destruction.

£6: A. E. NEWMAN, 8, Harold Road, Chingford, E.
Good Ship: "Britannia"—"Monitor"—World's "*Deep* Waters."

£5: Mrs. H. B. BROWNE, "Dompierre," Gower Road, Sketty, Swansea.
Crumbling—Geneva. That's Mars' "Wicket."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£4: R. FARROW, 24, Southend Road, Bungay, Suffolk.
Waste—To Lay Waste, Munitions.
(Entered on Prize Coupon.)

10 OF £3 EACH:

Mrs. H. M. BAWDEN, 4, Clarence Villas, Redruth, Cornwall.
"Hands Wanted"—Note, Before "No" Before!

N. J. FISHLOCK, 86, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey.
Looking On The Bright Side—"Six Deaths—Then Promotion!"
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

T. A. GARNETT, Fire Station, Cannon Street, London, E.C.
New Boss—Wants "Greyhounds"—Grey Hounded.

O. JOHN, Brynhyfrid, Nantymoel, nr. Bridgend, South Wales.
A Handful—With "Fistful," That's Auntie!

J. PICKLES, 35, Winston Terrace, Lidget Green, Bradford.
Dad's Tomatoes—Too Many "Wrinkles" Spoiled.

Mrs. W. R. PURDY, High Street, Billericay, Essex.
Without Parliament—Too Many Members Do.

C. D. STOCKTON, 37, Old Bromford Lane, Birmingham.
Faithful To The Last—Butler, Making Bailiff Uncomfortable!

D. TOMLINSON, 49, Carolina Street, Liverpool.
A Handful—Of Rice, "Starves" Lancashire.

A. UNDERWOOD, 18, Reginald Road, Forest Gate, E.
On The Way Up—To "Local," Father's "Express"!

C. R. WARNER, 57, Stevens Road, Dagenham, Essex
Dad's Tomatoes—Prize Seed—Prizes Recede!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

A list of 25 10s. and 200 5s. Surprise Award winners can be seen at these Offices

To make a *Bullet*, simply fit together TWO THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, that the *Example*, OUR NEIGHBOUR'S CAR, prompted an idea like, *Is Strongly Condemned By His Creditors*. From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, OUR NEIGHBOUR'S CAR—ANNOYS CREDITORS—OUTPACES THEIRS.

Before you start study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,127th Contest which appear on this page. Then start on the *Examples* and make sure your entry is posted on or before Saturday, July 30.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

BRITAIN'S SAFETY
WHAT HAPPENED IN 1914
AT GENEVA'S DOOR
CIVILISATION'S MILESTONES
GOING TO THE COUNTRY
TREATY OF PEACE
HOPE OF THE WORLD
HAPPY WIFE
IN HIS MEMORY
OFFICIAL SECRET
BEGGING
WHEN THE SHOP'S CLOSED
MAKES ME TIRED
DAD'S LECTURE
SHE'S GOT GLAMOUR, BUT
LEAVING THE CHURCH
OUR NEIGHBOUR'S CAR
SWALLOWS ANYTHING
HOT AND STRONG
MUST STOP
DON'T OVERDO IT, OR
WORK OF A MINUTE
SIMPLE SOLUTION
NOT TOO BAD
A KNOCK WAS HEARD AND
WAITING FOR HER
RAINING CATS AND DOGS
TAKEN IN
WHEN SHADOWS FALL
AUNTIE'S A PATRIOT. SO
ONE ! FANCY
LED TO THE SLAUGHTER

Save Money on Entries

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.

Make Postal Order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,131 and Crossword No. 118, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,131) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., July 30. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d | Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,131) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., July 30. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION. SATURDAY, JULY 30.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,131) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., July 30. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Address .....

FREE £3 BONUS COUPON

No entry-fee for this Coupon if used as instructed—and £3 Bonus for its entrant with any published prize won in Bullets No. 1,131.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose THREE or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,131, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE. I agree to all rules and conditions

WIN EXTRA HOLIDAY CASH

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,131 usually purchase "John Bull."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,131, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

HOW CAN YOU MAKE SURE OF ENJOYING YOUR *Holidays*

SHE'S healthy, happy and delightfully attractive and is certain to enjoy every minute of her holidays—and just because she takes her nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify and cool the blood and daily eliminate all food-waste—thus keeping you healthy, happy and attractively slim.

You, too, can make sure of being at your best on your Summer Holidays if you start taking Bile Beans nightly.

SEASIDE OR COUNTRY?

Wherever you go a complete change of air and diet is apt to upset you internally. A nightly dose of Bile Beans guards against all this.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable, and they can be taken with perfect safety by young and old.

BILE BEANS BRAND PILLS

Improve Your Health, Your Looks and Your Figure

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